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## LIVES OF BRITISH PAINTERS, &c.

*The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, by Allan Cunningham.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Murray.

HAD Milton never existed, would our writers on English poetry have allowed national pride so far to influence their lucubrations as to induce them to under-rate the value of the Epic, to conclude 'that it corresponded not with English art and the determined taste of the country,' and therefore was not to be cultivated? Would our reading public, and those who aim at conciliating the favour by flattering the self complacency of the multitude, have satisfied themselves by indulging in some such reasoning as the following: 'What concern have matter-of-fact mortals, such as we are, with the exploits of gods and furies, of the heroes and warriors of paganism, with the wars and rebellions of supernatural beings, angels, and demons, or even with the existence of man's first parents in Paradise? Such of these things as have really happened cannot recur, and therefore for us are void of interest. No, the subjects of song most suitable to our present state are surely the scenes of real life; scenes with which every individual is familiar, which are adapted to the comprehensions of the multitude, and come home to the bosoms of all men. The true scope of poetry among a domestic and commercial people is to describe with truth and nature their every-day pursuits; the picturesque occupations of husbandmen, scenes of domestic felicity, the amusements of rustic life, and the diverting and innocent sports of children: in subjects such as these we all sympathise; they are intelligible to the commonest capacity; and it is to the mass, to whom poets who expect renown must address themselves, and not to a chosen few, who affect to be more gifted than their fellows, and who dream away their existence in worlds of their own creating. If, however, some latitude must be allowed to the imagination, a sufficient field is offered for its exercise in characteristic delineations of exalted personages. On such themes the fancy may be indulged without giving a shock to truth, and the poetical portrait, individual and circumscribed though it be, will afford ample opportunity for the union of the imagery of poesy with the interest of biography and the dignity of history.'

Ridiculous as such propositions may appear, while we can turn to a 'PARADISE LOST' as the boast of our literature, and know from experience that the number is not small of those who pretend at least to feel and appreciate the most ærial flights of Shakspeare; yet are they not a whit more absurd than the arguments which we daily find propounded in the pages of authors and in the discourses of individuals, and illustrated by the practice of professors, on the subject of another art intimately connected with that of poetry, namely painting.

False views, indeed, concerning this art are but too prevalent amongst us, and the prejudices which exist in regard to it, give constant anxiety to those who desire to see their country assume that rank among nations, as respects matters of taste and the embellishments of life, which she has long held in the political scale; but who disdain to aim at popularity by concurring with those who flatter others, and perhaps deceive themselves, with the persuasion that whatever is with us is as it should be. Such a false notion as regards at least the subject at present in discussion, is an error too fatal to improvement to be allowed to go unexposed.

It is a notion which proceeds only from the grossest

ignorance or the most wilful perversion; for all who sincerely love the arts and are truly anxious to see them flourish, know also the degree of excellence to which they have been carried in other lands, and cannot be so blinded by national partiality as not to perceive the immense inferiority of their own country. We profess ourselves of this class of persons: however often we may have withheld our opinions on the subject rather than provoke the national pride of our readers, or discourage the efforts of artists by urging at unfit seasons the vast interval which lies between the most successful work in painting ever executed amongst us, and the perfection to which that art has been carried by the Italian masters. Yet we would not be so void of spirit, nor have we so humble an opinion of the capacity of our countrymen, as to resign ourselves to contentment with the degree of excellence they have attained, in mere despair of their arriving at a yet higher eminence. The efforts of our living painters present undoubtedly strong grounds for hope, even when measured by the standard by which it is impossible not to desire to see them estimated, namely, that of the highest degree of excellence to which the art has ever attained; but, so measured, it is hope for the future only, and not satisfaction with the present, that can be indulged in.

In the actual state of matters, however, which regard the arts, it is principally the public mind and taste which have need of cultivation: certain pernicious, although plausible notions and prejudices are still pertinaciously clung to; these must be removed before any very satisfactory improvement can be expected from those who depend for the very bread they eat on their success in gratifying the humour of the people. These notions are the same to which we alluded at the commencement of this paper; they are so obviously erroneous that a very few suggestions directed to the particular point, will suffice to expose their absurdity.

What have we to do with the Italian masters and their eternal Madonnas? This is a popular and a fashionable question; and it contains the pith and marrow of all the error that obscures the view which the vulgar (high and low) are apt to take of works of art, and of painting more especially. We fear not to grapple with it, and to reply to whoever makes the objection:—as a lover of art, as a creature endowed with a mind susceptible of being properly affected by its beauties, you have a great deal to do with these same despised Madonnas, much more than you imagine, but far less than with many other things in Italian art, which, uninformed, superficial, and unreflecting as you are, your philosophy as yet dreams not of.

Does a production of art, a painting, aim at merely recording facts? or is its object to work on the feelings of the beholder, to excite emotions in his soul? If the latter, consider how extensive is the range of the emotions of which man taken abstractedly is susceptible! how different those emotions are in their kinds and degree! Think how various even are those which may be excited in the most earthly and stupid of the sons of Adam! What if we hastily run up the scale by a few steps, each one of which might be illustrated by the work of some admired master? What if, having done this, we give a comparative glance at those emotions, for the purpose of satisfying ourselves whether any are more worthy of being entertained than others; whether there be some, the arousing of which bespeaks different degrees of merit in the master whose spell we acknow-

ledge, and develops a higher or lower order of mind in the person affected.

It is not in man, we have been told of yore, to be indifferent to any thing human: the spectacle of the low excesses of the coarsest of our fellow mortals, of the nauseous effects of intemperance, of the unceremonious obedience to the calls of nature, if presented with skill, will succeed in exciting emotion: the more faithful the artist has been to nature, the more lively will be the feeling he awakens: with some, with many, no doubt, (nor will the many be confined to any particular class in life,) that feeling will be one of sympathy, arising, if from no stronger lien, from the intimate connection between joviality and the consequences of brutal excess: with others the emotion must be accompanied by disgust.

The village dance and romp, one of a numerous class, may be placed a step higher in our ladder of emotion-working subjects: the broad-faced merriment, the rude embraces, the awkward postures of assembled boors, make us smile, and the smile it is true is not altogether in ridicule; but the objects that excite our laughter, although to be prized above those that set the stomach revolting, have not generally a very high place in our esteem or respect.

A cord of a finer tone is struck by the sight of that good-humoured couple, who have drudged on together through a long life of toil, sharing every burden and every pittance, ardent lovers once, and now affectionate friends, the sentiment of half a century's standing. The aged housewife quaffs the renovating liquor handed to her by her faithful mate, and he the while regards with a look of most happy satisfaction the heartiness with which the draught is swallowed. In such a picture no doubt there is a sentiment that touches the heart, but the feeling produced is comparatively slight, and must yield the palm to affections of a higher cast.

Of all the natural sentiments, which is comparable to the maternal feeling? Even in beings of the coarsest mould, (and in every rank of life the modifications are infinite,) the voice of nature is here heard aloud, and whether at the cottage door, or in the elegant boudoir, the mother, with her first-born at her bosom, is a spectacle, whether beheld or imagined, of universal and most lively interest. The picture, therefore, that presents us such a scene, cannot be regarded with indifference; but who will deny that the intensity of the mother's feeling may be heightened by individual character, and is liable to be affected by circumstances? No doubt the natural feeling towards her offspring is full tender in the affectionate-hearted wife of the honest husbandman; yet will not the sentiment in her be of the same high order as that which affects the spouse in whom native delicacy has been heightened by cultivation and reflection; the cherished wife of a hero, idolized by the object of his love, contemplating the fruit of their union, the heir of a renowned name, the child called to a lofty destiny, to whom, in his very infancy, other parents bring their offspring to pay homage,—Who that desires to be a parent could refuse to sympathize in the feelings of so happy a mother? Where is the man whose heart would remain untouched by the representation of a group so blessed? Yet is not this, or even a still more exalted sentiment, that which is conveyed by the pictures of the Virgin and Child? And is it a subject with which we have no concern? Can another be named of such universal interest?

Yet the accidents of active life place man in situations calculated to call forth feelings more various in their range and emotions, more powerful and sou-

stirring than are even those which we experience while regarding a mother's felicity. Imagine a scene of wide extended conflagration, the terror and consternation of all; the energy of the more hardy to arrest the progress of destruction; the general anxiety to preserve life and property; the admirable traits of courage which occur; the affecting instances of filial devotion, and of parental solicitude; the son bearing on his shoulders the decrepid sire; mothers, divided between alarm and gratitude, clasping to their knees the infants whom Providence has preserved to them; parents, whom the flames envelop, still intent on the safety of their offspring! If it be the object of painting to excite emotion, can such a subject as this, when treated by the hand of a master like Raphael, fail of its purpose?

But the reason of man ranks higher than his passions, and the spectacle of the wise engaged in the loftiest exercises of the human intellect, if it excite emotion of a less stormy nature than such a scene as that we have just referred to, will arouse feelings of a higher order, of an interest, quieter perhaps, but not less intense. If the aspect of a man of wisdom and intelligence be imposing, how should we be affected by an assemblage of sages, of the men into whom the largest portion of the divine spirit has been breathed, the Bacon and Newtons of all countries and all ages symbolised forth under the likenesses of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and other philosophers of antiquity, in appropriate groups, and whose looks and air and attitudes, no less than their occupations, attest the superiority of their nature!

What if we ascend yet another step to contemplate the blessed mortals with whom 'God conversed, and by whose mouth he deigned to speak,' the Apostles of the new dispensation, announcing the word of truth to the attentive and astonished Gentiles, or the Prophets of old, under all the excitement of divine inspiration!

Or lastly, behold the Son of God, in all the majesty of his glory, when the sound of the last trumpet awakens the dead from their slumbers, bidding the gates of heaven open to the righteous, and to the wicked addressing the awful sentence, 'Depart from me, ye cursed.'

Will you, on reflection, persist in preferring what is called the *nature* of the lower school of art to the sublimity of thought that characterises the productions of genius-inspired masters? Are you prepared to confess, that your spirit responds more to the vomiting drunkard of Teniers, than to the Saviour in the Judgment-Seat of Heaven of Buonarroti?

These reflections are not addressed to the author of 'The Lives of the British Painters.' Notwithstanding the sentence quoted from his agreeable little volume at the outset of our article, and one or two seeming inconsistencies to be found in its pages, we have reason to think that his general view of art corresponds with our own, as will be proved by the extracts which we propose to lay before our readers, but which we are obliged to postpone to our next number.

#### DEVEREUX.

*Devereux: a Tale.* By the Author of *Pelham*. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

(Second Notice; see p. 433.)

WE made in our last number some observations on this work, in which we expressed ourselves very freely against the characters, the general design, and the tone of the observations in the author's works; we stated, at the same time, that some of the separate pictures of society, though adding nothing to the merit of 'Devereux,' as a consistent whole, are yet, if taken apart, very spirited and amusing. We now subjoin an extract, which requires no prefatory account of the personages, and which is not at all connected with the plot:

'Boulainvilliers! Comte de St. Saire! What will our great grandchildren think of that name? Fame is indeed a riddle! At the time I refer to, wit—learning—grace—all things that charm and enlighten—were supposed to centre in one word—*Boulainvilliers!* The good count

had many rivals, it is true, but he had that exquisite tact peculiar to his countrymen, of making the very reputations of those rivals contribute to his own. And while he assembled them around him, the lustre of their *bons mots*, though it emanated from themselves, was reflected upon him.

'It was a pleasant, though not a costly apartment, in which we found our host. The room was sufficiently full of people, to allow scope and variety to one groupe of talkers, without being full enough to permit those little knots and coteries which are the destruction of literary society. An old man of about seventy, of a sharp, shrewd, yet polished and courtly expression of countenance, of a great gaiety of manner, which was now and then rather displeasingly contrasted by an abrupt affectation of dignity that, however, rarely lasted above a minute, and never withstood the shock of a *bon mot*, was the first person who accosted us. This old man was the wreck of the once celebrated Anthony Count Hamilton!

'"Well, my Lord," said he to Bolingbroke, "how do you like the weather at Paris?—it is a little better than the mercile air of London—is it not? 'Slife!—even in June, one could not go open-breasted in those regions of cold and catarrh—a very great misfortune, let me tell you, my Lord, if one's cambric happened to be of a very delicate and brilliant texture, and one wished to penetrate the inward folds of a lady's heart, by developing, to the best advantage, the exterior folds that covered his own."

'"It is the first time," answered Bolingbroke, "that I ever heard so accomplished a courtier as Count Hamilton repine, with sincerity, that he could not bare his bosom to inspection."

'"Ah!" cried Boulainvilliers, "but vanity makes a man shew much that discretion would conceal."

'"*Au diable* with your discretion!" said Hamilton. "'tis a vulgar virtue. Vanity is a truly aristocratic quality, and every way fitted to a gentleman. Should I ever have been renowned for my exquisite lace and web-like cambric, if I had not been vain? Never, *mon cher!* I should have gone into a convent and worn sackcloth, and, from Count Antoine, I should have thickened into Saint Anthony."

'"Nay," cried Lord Bolingbroke, "there is as much scope for vanity in sackcloth, as there is in cambric; for vanity is like the Irish ogling master in the Spectator, and if it teaches the play-house to ogle by candle-light, it also teaches the church to ogle by day! But, pardon me, Monsieur Chaulieu, how well you look! I see that the myrtle sheds its verdure, not only over your poetry, but the poet. And it is right that, to the modern Anacreon, who has bequeathed to Time a treasure it will never forego, Time itself should be gentle in return."

'"Milord," answered Chaulieu, an old man who, though considerably past seventy, was animated, in appearance and manner, with a vivacity and life that would have done honour to a youth—"Milord, it was beautifully said by the Emperor Julian, that Justice retained the Graces in her vestibule. I see, now, that he should have substituted the word *Wisdom* for that of Justice."

'"Come," cried Anthony Hamilton, "this will never do. Compliments are the dullest things imaginable. For God's sake let us leave panegyric to blockheads, and say something bitter to one another, or we shall die of ennui."

'"*Vous avez raison.*" said Boulainvilliers.—"Let us pick out some poor devil to begin with. Absent or present!—Decide which."

'"Oh, absent," cried Chaulieu; "'tis a thousand times more piquant to slander than to rally! Let us commence with his Majesty: Count Devereux, have you seen Madame Maintenon and her devout infant, since your arrival?"

'"No!—the priests must be petitioned before the miracle is made public."

'"What!" cried Chaulieu, "would you insinuate that his Majesty's piety is really nothing less than a miracle?"

'"Impossible!" said Boulainvilliers, gravely,—"*piety* is as natural to kings as flattery to their courtiers: are we not told that they are made in God's own image!"

'"If that were true," said Count Hamilton, somewhat profanely—"if that were true, I should no longer deny the impossibility of Atheism!"

'"Fie, Count Hamilton," said an old gentleman, in whom I recognised the great Huet, "fie—wit should beware how it uses wings—its province is earth, not heaven."

'"Nobody can better tell what wit is *not*, than the learned Abbé Huet!" answered Hamilton, with a mock air of respect.

'"Psha!" cried Chaulieu, "I thought when we once gave the rein to satire it would carry us *pêle mêle* against one another. But in order to sweeten that drop of lemon-juice for you, my dear Huet, let me turn to Milord Bolingbroke, and ask him whether England can produce a scholar equal to Peter Huet, who in twenty years wrote notes to sixty-two volumes of Classics, for the sake of a prince who never read a line in one of them?"

'"We have some scholars," answered Bolingbroke; "but we certainly have no Huet. It is strange enough, but learning seems to me like a circle: it grows weaker the more it spreads. We now see many people capable of reading commentaries, but very few, indeed, capable of writing them."

'"True," answered Huet; and in his reply he introduced the celebrated illustration which is at this day mentioned among his most felicitous *bons mots*. "Scholarship, formerly the most difficult and unaided enterprise of genius, has now been made, by the very toils of the first mariners, but an easy and common-place voyage of leisure. But who would compare the great men, whose very difficulties not only proved their ardour, but brought them the patience and the courage which alone are the parents of a genuine triumph, to the indolent loiterers of the present day, who having little of difficulty to conquer, have nothing of glory to attain? For my part, there seems to me the same difference between a scholar of our days and one of the past, as there is between Christopher Columbus and the master of a packet-boat from Calais to Dover!"

'"Bat," cried Anthony Hamilton, taking a pinch of snuff, with the air of a man about to utter a witty thing—"but what have we—we spirits of the world, not imps of the closet,"—and he glanced at Huet—"to do with scholarship? All the waters of Castaly which we want to pour into our brain, are such as will flow the readiest to our tongue."

'"In short, then," said I, "you would assert that all a friend cares for in one's head is the quantity of talk in it?"

'"Precisely, my dear Count," said Hamilton, seriously; "and to that maxim I will add another applicable to the opposite sex. All that a mistress cares for in one's heart is the quantity of love in it."

'"What! are generosity, courage, honour, to go for nothing, with our mistress, then?" cried Chaulieu.

'"No; for she will believe, if you are a passionate lover, that you have all those virtues; and if not, she won't believe that you have one."

'"Ah! it was a pretty court of love in which the friend and biographer of Count Grammont learnt the art!" said Bolingbroke.

'"We believed so at the time, my lord; but there are as many changes in the fashion of making love as there are in that of making dresses. Honour me, Count Devereux, by using my snuff-box, and then looking at the lid."

'"It is the picture of Charles the Second, which adorns it—is it not?"

'"No, Count Devereux, it is the diamonds which adorn it. His majesty's face I thought very beautiful while he was living; but now, on my conscience, I consider it the ugliest phiz I ever beheld. But I pointed your notice to the picture because we were talking of love; and Old Rowley believed that he could make it better than any one else. All his courtiers had the same opinion of themselves; and I dare say the *beaux garçons* of Queen Anne's reign would say, that not one of King Charles's gang knew what love was. Oh! 'tis a strange circle of revolutions, that love! Like the earth, it always changes, and yet always has the same materials."

'"*L'Amour—l'amour—toujours l'amour*, with Count Anthony Hamilton!" said Boulainvilliers. "He is always on that subject; and, *sacre bleu!* when he was younger I am told he was like Cacus, the son of Vulcan, and breathed nothing but flames."

'"You flatter me," said Hamilton. "Solve me now

a knotty riddle, my Lord Bolingbroke. Why does a young man think it the greatest compliment to be thought wise, while an old man thinks it the greatest compliment to be told he has been foolish?"

"Is love foolish, then?" said Lord Bolingbroke.

"Can you doubt it?" answered Hamilton; "it makes a man think more of another than himself! I know not a greater proof of folly!"

"Ah—*mon aimable ami*," cried Chaulieu; "you are the wickedest witty person I know. I cannot help loving your language, while I hate your sentiments."

"My language is my own—my sentiments are those of all men," answered Hamilton; "but are we not, by the by, to have young Arouet here to-night? What a charming person he is!"

"Yes," said Boulainvilliers. "He said he should be late; and I expect Fontenelle, too, but he will not come before supper. I found Fontenelle, this morning, conversing with my cook on the best manner of dressing asparagus. I asked him the other day, what writer, ancient or modern, had ever given him the most sensible pleasure. After a little pause, the excellent old man said—'Daphnus.'—'Daphnus!' repeated I—who the devil is he?" "Why," answered Fontenelle, with tears of gratitude in his benevolent eyes, "I had some hypochondriacal ideas, that suppers were unwholesome; and Daphnus is an ancient physician, who asserts the contrary; and declares,—think, my friend, what a charming theory!—that the moon is a great assistant of the digestion!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Abbé de Chaulieu. "How like Fontenelle! what an anomalous creature 'tis! He has the most kindness and the least feeling of any man I ever knew. Let Hamilton find a pithier description for him if he can!"

"Whatever reply the friend of the *preux Grammont* might have made, was prevented by the entrance of a young man of about twenty-one.

In person he was small, slight, and very thin. There was a certain affectation of polite address in his manner and mien, which did not quite become him; and though he was received by the old wits with great cordiality, and on a footing of perfect equality, yet, the inexpressible air which denotes birth, was both pretended to, and wanting. This, perhaps, was however owing to the ordinary inexperience of youth; which, if not awkwardly bashful, is generally awkward in its assurance. Whatever its cause, the impression vanished directly he entered into conversation. I do not think I ever encountered a man so brilliantly, yet so easily witty. He had but little of the studied allusion—the antithetical point—the classic metaphor, which chiefly characterize the wits of my day. On the contrary, it was an exceeding and naïve simplicity, which gave such unrivalled charm and piquancy to his conversation. And while I have not scrupled to stamp on my pages some faint imitation of the peculiar dialogue of other eminent characters, I must confess myself utterly unable to convey the smallest idea of his method of making words irresistible. Contenting my efforts, therefore, with describing his personal appearance—interesting, because that of the most striking literary character it has been my lot to meet—I shall omit his share in the remainder of the conversation I am rehearsing, and beg the reader to recal that passage in Tacitus, in which the great historian says, that in the funeral of Junia, "the images of Brutus and Cassius outshone all the rest, from the very circumstance of their being the sole ones excluded from the rite."

The countenance, then, of Marie Francis Arouet (since so celebrated under the name of Voltaire,) was plain in feature, but singularly striking in effect; its vivacity was the very perfection of what Steele once happily called "physiognomical eloquence." His eyes were dark, fiery rather than bright, and so restless that they never dwelt in the same place for a moment; his mouth was at once the worst and the most peculiar feature of his face: it betokened humour, it is true; but it also betrayed malignancy—nor did it ever smile without sarcasm. Though flattering to those present, his words against the absent, uttered by that bitter and curling lip, mingled with your pleasure at their wit a little fear at their causticity. I believe no one, be he as bold, as callous, or as faultless as human nature can be, could be one hour with that man and not feel apprehension. Ridicule,

so lavish, yet so true to the mark—so wanton, yet so seemingly just—so bright, that while it wandered round its target, in apparent, though terrible playfulness, it burned into the spot, and engraved there a brand, and a token indelible and perpetual;—this no man could witness, when darted towards another, and feel safe for himself. The very caprice and levity of the jester seemed more perilous, because less to be calculated upon, than a systematic principle of bitterness or satire. Bolingbroke compared him, not unaptly, to a child who has possessed himself of Jupiter's bolts, and who makes use of those bolts in sport, which a God would only have used in wrath.

Arouet's forehead was not remarkable for height, but it was nobly and grandly formed, and, contradicting that of the mouth, wore a benevolent expression. Though so young, there was already a wrinkle on the surface of the front, and a prominence on the eyebrow which shewed that the wit and the fancy of his conversation were, if not regulated, at least contrasted, by more thoughtful and lofty characteristics of mind. At the time I write, this man has obtained a high throne among the powers of the lettered world. What he may yet be, it is in vain to guess: he may be all that is great and good, or—the reverse; but I cannot but believe that his career is only begun. Such men are born monarchs of the mind; they may be benefactors or tyrants: in either case, they are greater than the kings of the physical empire, because they defy armies and laugh at the intrigues of state. From themselves only come the balance of their power, the laws of their government, and the boundaries of their realm.

"We sat down to supper. 'Count Hamilton,' said Boulainvilliers, 'are we not a merry set for such old fellows? Why, excepting Arouet, Milord Bolingbroke, and Count Devereux, there is scarcely one of us under seventy. Where, but at Paris, would you see *bons vivans* of our age? *Vivent la joie!—la bagatelle!—l'amour!*'

"*Et le vin de Champagne*," cried Chaulieu, filling his glass; "but what is there strange in our merriment? Philemon, the comic poet, laughed at ninety-seven. May we all do the same!"

"You forget," cried Bolingbroke, "that Philemon died of the laughing."

"Yes," said Hamilton; "but, if I remember right, it was at seeing an ass eat figs. Let us vow, therefore, never to keep company with asses!"

"Bravo, Count," said Boulainvilliers, "you have put the true moral on the story. Let us swear by the ghost of Philemon, that we will never laugh at an ass's jokes—practical or verbal."

"Then we must always be serious, except when we are with each other," cried Chaulieu. "Oh, I would sooner take my chance of dying prematurely at ninety-seven, than consent to such a vow!"

"Fontenelle," cried our host, "you are melancholy. What is the matter?"

"I mourn for the weakness of human nature," answered Fontenelle, with an air of patriarchal philanthropy. "I told your cook three times about the asparagus; and now—taste it. I told him not to put too much sugar, and he has put none. Thus it is with mankind—ever in extremes, and consequently ever in error! Thus it was that Luther said, so felicitously and so truly, that the human mind was like a drunken peasant on horseback—prop it on one side, and it falls on the other."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Chaulieu, "*le pauvre Secrétaire de l'Académie des Sciences!* Who would have thought one could have found so much morality in a plate of asparagus! Taste this *salsifis*."

"But, for my part," said Boulainvilliers, "I think Tacitus is not so invariably the analyser of vice as you would make him. Look at the Agricola and the Germania."

"Ah! the Germany, above all things!" cried Hamilton, dropping a delicious morsel of *sanglier*, in its way from hand to mouth, in his hurry to speak. "Of course, the historian, Boulainvilliers, advocates the Germany, from its mention of the origin of the feudal system—that incommensurable bundle of excellencies, which Le Comte de Boulainvilliers has declared to be *le chef d'œuvre de l'esprit humain*; and which the same gentle-

man regrets, in the most pathetic terms, no longer exists in order that the seigneur may feed upon *de gros morceaux de bœuf demi-cru*, may hang up half his peasants *pour encourager les autres*, and ravish the daughters of the defunct *pour leur donner quelque consolation*."

"Seriously, though," said the old Abbé de Chaulieu, with a twinkling eye, "*the last mentioned evil*, my dear Hamilton, was not without a little alloy of good."

"Yes," said Hamilton, "if it was only the daughters; but perhaps the seigneur was not too scrupulous with regard to the wives."

"Ah! shocking, shocking!" cried Chaulieu, solemnly. "Adultery is, indeed, an atrocious crime. I am sure I would most conscientiously cry out with the honest preacher—'Adultery, my children, is the blackest of sins. I do declare, that I would rather have *ten* virgins in love with me than *one* married woman!'"

"We all laughed at this enthusiastic burst of virtue from the chaste Chaulieu. And Arouet turned our conversation towards the ecclesiastical dissensions between Jesuits and Jansenists, that then agitated the kingdom. It was then that Bolingbroke used that magnificent illustration, so significant of all those ecclesiastical quarrels, in which indulging the worst passions is termed zeal for the best cause; and we prove beyond a doubt how intensely we love God, by showing with what delightful animosity we can hate one another! "The priests," said Bolingbroke, "remind me of the nurses of Jupiter; they make a great clamour, in order to drown the voice of their God."

"Bravissimo!" cried Hamilton. "Is it not a pity, messieurs, that my Lord Bolingbroke was not a Frenchman? He is almost clever enough to be one."

"If he would drink a little more, he would be," cried Chaulieu, who was growing gloriously *plein de boisson*.

"What say you, Morton?" exclaimed Bolingbroke; "must we not drink these gentlemen under the table for the honour of our country?"

"A challenge! a challenge!" cried Chaulieu. "I march first to the field!"

"Conquest or death!" shouted Bolingbroke. And the rites of Minerva were forsaken for those of Bacchus."—Pp. 196—206.

#### TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

*Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M. R. C. S. 8vo. in two vols. London, Colburn, 1829.*

(Concluded from p. 404.)

THE present state and prospects of the Ottoman Empire engage, of course, a principal place in the attention of our author as of Mr. Mac Farlane; and we trust their united efforts will be successful in dispelling a vast deal of indolent prejudice abroad on this important subject. Ignorance here, as usual, has been fruitful not of doubt, nor of inquiry, but of dogmatism: the government of Turkey is pronounced to be the fittest for its subjects by our fire-side politicians, who know nothing of its internal working; and its acts are affirmed to be no legitimate concern of other powers by grave authorities, equally ignorant of its conduct towards its neighbours. Nor are these decisions grounded on the facts of the case, but announced with all the pomp of general principles in politics. Yet surely it will not be contended that no spectacle of atrocity on the public stage of Europe can justify a departure from the rule of non-interference. And even if the fact that a government exists were to be taken, as these gentlemen would have it, for a proof that it is the best system possible for its subjects, they would be far enough still from having proved that its continuance in a stationary condition is compatible with the advancing growth and culture of its neighbours. It is true that the mere circumstance of lengthened duration is sufficient to establish the presence of some elements of justice and of policy in a system: for even if such elements did not enter at the date of its original institution, they must be supposed to have introduced themselves subsequently, to account

for its obtaining any degree of stability and permanence. But it is quite another question whether these qualities are to be found in a government in just ratio to the wants and the capacities of its subjects: it is a farther question still, whether they so control its conduct as to preserve its place in the federal band of civilized communities. None can be less willing than ourselves to judge of social institutions by their outward forms and lineaments, without reference to the local peculiarities or necessities in which these may find their origin and their justification. But the principles essential to good government are in every age and country the same; for they are identical with the code of human justice, of which the root lies happily deep in human nature, and by their variance or conformity with which must every government on earth be judged. Individual virtue and industry, are they favoured and protected? Political talent, is it fostered and employed? Foreign relations, are they liberal and extended? Such questions are soon answered in Turkey, where the least of all concerns is human existence and enjoyment, and where all that is worked for good is individual or fortuitous. It remains to be seen through what 'abomination of desolation' shall come to pass the end of these things; whether the radical reforms of Sultan Mahmoud will effect the long un hoped regeneration, or whether conquest must (like smuggling) have its swing as civilisation's champion in the last resort.

We insert the following ludicrous description of the *Conversazione* of an Arab man of quality, without too anxiously inquiring whether the admirable humour with which our author has hit off the *quid nunc* circles of Egypt may not owe a poignant stroke or two more to his own original whim than to the characteristic traits of his interlocutors:

"The Navarino business now gave a political turn to their discussions, and many of their opinions of European policy and power were so singular, that I could with difficulty bring myself to believe they were seriously delivered.

"A fierce looking little man with a green turban, high in office, bronched the subject of the late battle: "The Giaours have burned our ships," said he, "but God will burn them, hell is a hot couch, and a grievous couch it shall be to them, we are told by the prophet." "Please the Lord," responded a fat merchant, and his Inshallah was doled out with great devotion. "Were all the ships in the world joined against the Sultan in the battle?" asked an Arab Sheikh in the simplicity of his heart; "Ay, all," answered a Ulema of great eminence, "all the Caffres of Fragustan were leagued against the true believers, how else could they prevail, what ten of them could face one true Moslem? but ten thousand to one are too great odds; and were there not forty thousand of their ships against us?" "Allah Wakbar," said an Effendi, a man of learning, "there is but one God, and if the English were not in Navarino, the Francowa, the Nempsowa, and the Muscowa, would now be food for the kelp el bahr!" the sea dogs. "Allah Karim!" ejaculated an old priest. "God is most merciful, it is only the infidels who say that the ships of the sultan were burned; it is impossible, because the Giaours could not burn them." "Callan thaib!" cried a dozen of the party. "It is well spoken, it is the ships of the unbelievers that are burned, not the Sultan's." "Did not the Algerines," said a grave old man, "destroy the entire fleet of the English a few years ago, and where were they to find another all at once? is a ship like a pastek, a water melon? does it grow in the land? is it like a rain drop? does it fall from the sky?" "Wellah callan thaib!" God was recalled to witness by several, that it was a good saying.

"The English are a great people," said a young Malim, a secretary of the governor's, "they are a very great people, what razors can be compared to English? what pistols vie with those of England? do not the Pacha's cannons come from England?" "It is very true," replied the Ulema, "and they have conquered all the world excepting the dominions of the Sultan. India is theirs, and some say the Indian Moslems are their slaves." "Min Allah, heaven forbid!" exclaimed the priest, "a Moslem under an infidel, it cannot be; the

Lord would not suffer a dog, a Caffre to call a true believer Servant; Min Allah!"

"It is even so," said the Effendi, "and the English now want to be our masters, and they will be one day. It has been long prophesied we must fall; Stamboul will see the son of yellowness, the Russian within her lofty walls, and Masr will be a bone between the dogs of France and England, but the latter must have it." "If either of the Caffres must have it," said the fat merchant, "let it be the French; if we only could keep our money and our women out of their reach, they are good humoured infidels enough, they love *fantasia*, they are always merry."

"It was not easy," said the divine, "when they were here, to keep either our money or our women from the Caffres—confusion to their race; the other infidels plundered the people less; but who loved them more? Were they not both the enemies of God's prophet and his law?"

A good looking young man in an Arnaout uniform, who had hitherto been silent, now gave his opinion of the two powers: "The English Giaours," said he, "have most money, because they have only to send to India for as many ship loads as they please, and they can better afford to pay men for fighting for them than the others. The French bring no money with them; wherever they go they pillage, but they never take a paras away with them after all. Whichever gives the best *thyme*, rations, is the Giaour for an Arnaout."

"Surely," exclaimed the Malim, "you would not draw your sword for a dog, a Christian?"

"For no man who did not pay me," replied the Arnaout, evading the question.

"What, for a Caffre?" rejoined the Malim. "Why not," said the Arnaout, when the business is to cut another Caffre's throat?"

"This was a good joke, and every one felt himself bound to laugh. When silence was restored, the lawyer put a question which puzzled the whole assembly exceedingly: "Where is England?" "England," replied the priest, with the supercilious air of superior knowledge, "England is in London!" "La! la! moush kiddi," cried the Effendi, the man of learning: "England is not in London, London is only a *belled*, a town, but England is in the great sea of the north, it is an island, like America, which is also English."

"That's impossible," said the lawyer, "so great a nation never could be an island; are the people of Scio or Cyprus to be compared to the English, and are not both those places islands?"

"Do the French come from an island too?" said a Sheikh, from Assouan, who had never seen an island but that of Elephantina, "there cannot be many of them then."

"When they were here," said the Malim, "there was no scarcity of them, they were forty thousand strong in Scanderia alone."

"Do not talk of thousands," exclaimed the priest, "callan millionni, the word is millions; were they not like locusts from Scanderia to Assouan?" "With ten thousand Arnaouts," said the young soldier, "I would have driven them into the sea, every Caffre of them. How many thousands of English did we not trample on, in Raschid, a few years ago?" "They were five and twenty thousand strong in Rosetta," said the lawyer, "and they were all slain." "Not all," answered the Effendi, "the general got his life, but there were only five thousand of them altogether."

"Five thousand or twenty," cried the lawyer, "is it not all the same thing: were they not all infidels, and were they not vanquished with the sword of Islam?"

"Allah karim," cried the priest, "God is most merciful; such be the fate of all who believe not in the true prophet, to whose name be eternal glory."

"If the Sultan," said the Effendi, "had taken off the heads of the Janissaries a hundred years ago, the law of Islam would now be spread over the whole earth."

"As it is," replied the priest, "are not the true believers like the stars of heaven? who can count them? is not their empire over the whole earth from the rising even to the setting place of the sun."

"It is not in the Frozen Ocean, however," said the Levantine, "there are no Moslems there."

"It is a lie," said the priest, "they are every where, the prophet has said it."

"What, in America?" said the Levantine, "it was only discovered a few years ago!"

"Well, then, if it was not known to the prophet," replied the priest, "of course he had nothing to say to it."

"But," continued the Levantine, in a low voice, "the law of the prophet could not be intended for all mankind."

"It was meant for the universe," said the priest, "and hell's fire is the portion of him who rejects it."

"If every man is bound to fast the Ramadan, from sunrise to sunset," replied the Levantine, "on the pale of reprobation, the Moslems of the Frozen Ocean, where the days are six months long, should feel somewhat exhausted."

"I do not believe it," cried the priest in a fury, "who ever saw a day six months long? who could sleep an entire night of six months long?—no man."

"But I read it in a book," said the Levantine, "written by the famous Volney."

"What is written in the perspicuous volume of truth," replied the priest, "admits neither of doubt nor dispute; there is not a word in the Koran concerning the days of six months' duration, neither of the nights, therefore I disbelieve it, because it is impossible."

"Kait," said the Levantine, "do as you please, but truth is one"—a very common expression of the Arabs, and is generally the ne plus ultra in an argument.—Vol. 2.—pp. 376—383.

#### THE ROCKITE.

*The Rockite: a Tale.* London, 1829. Nisbet.

How often have we heard sensible persons say of a book, that if they can only find 'perfect honesty' in it, they can bear with the absence of all other qualifications. And how often have we seen these persons afterwards laying down the book with some bitter remark against its author, because, though their expectations were so moderate, they had been utterly disappointed.

It would go far towards increasing the charitable dispositions of such persons if they would only consider with themselves, for one moment, what is necessary to ensure perfect honesty in a writer, and how many of all the writers they have met with in the course of their lives possessed that merit. We will leave biography out of the question, the reputation of which is proverbial; we pass over history, for that Sir Robert Walpole, who was a good judge, knew to be false; we will not allude to metaphysics, nearly every writer on which tells some lies consciously, and a great many unconsciously; we will merely speak of what are called works of imagination, when the many temptations at first sight may seem fewest, if these can, in any rational sense of the word, be called 'honest.' Among them, so far as our reading has extended, there is but one who can pretend to that character. Take Shakspeare away, and then point out to us a single man among the noblest and best authors of our land who has not some time or other allowed his personal, political, or religious bias to intrude in such a manner as to destroy the honesty of his work.

Richardson and Fielding will occur to most persons as the best instances; but the villains of the former, with the exception of Lovelace, have never quite fair play, and Square and Thwackem are eternal blots upon the honesty of 'Tom Jones.'

The fact is that the very most wonderful intellectual conformation, we had almost added, the most wonderful felicity of circumstances, is necessary to secure this qualification in a writer. Nothing short of that tranquil power which belonged to Shakspeare because he possessed a fund of humanity superior to any which he has exhibited to us, can be a security for a dramatist or a novelist not taking such interest in some of the feelings which he embodies, as to do injustice to the rest. How that power w:

won in the instance when it is most strongly manifested, whether the infant Hercules brought it to perfection by grappling only with the hard realities of nature, or whether there was some superadded discipline to produce that astonishing union of strength and flexibility, will always remain a mystery; but this is certain that even if a mind as great as his were to appear in this day, he would need such an education as few men have ever enjoyed to become equally serene and equally honest.

We thought these observations necessary as a defence of our friends, the literary men and women in Ireland, against whom some very hard and illiberal accusations have been brought. 'Look,' exclaims Jane, 'at that Protestant,' pointing to some strongly exaggerated statement of the villainous feelings which enter into the composition of an Orangeman, by the author of the 'O'Hara Tales,'—call you that honest? 'Was ever any thing so unfair as this harangue of a Catholic priest,' exclaims another, referring to a passage in the 'Rockite,'—is that honest? Dear friends, sweet friends, Heaven's for our cause, which is neither Orange nor Catholic, but the cause of good truth and good writing, and be silent that you may hear. Neither of the statements are honest—we know it perfectly well, and yet both of the statements proceed from honest excellent persons, and both of the statements are evidence in favour instead of against their honesty. We will explain our paradox in a few words.

There are some persons who, when two parties are engaged in a fierce strife with each other, can enter thoroughly into the feelings of both, and make us enter into them likewise. Looking to results, this is the only strictly honest class, for it is the only one which leaves a fair impression upon our minds. And this class consists of William Shakspeare, and, probably, of some three other uninspired critics since the beginning of time. Secondly, there are some who, in such cases, can enter into the feelings of neither party, and, consequently, give their own feelings to both. These are, emphatically, the dishonest writers; and they include five sixths of all the persons who attempt to write books. And, lastly, there are some who cannot enter into the feelings of both parties, but can enter into the feelings of one; and this occupying a vastly higher ground than the latter, though immensely below the first, include, in modern times, among many others, almost all the Irish novelists. But since great sympathy with one party of course involves injustice to another, these writers appear much more guilty than those whose incapacity make their impartiality unfair to both. Our readers, however, we trust, will never forget that any person who makes us acquainted with any feelings which we could not get at without his assistance, is a benefactor to his species, and they will not complain of an author for doing much, because he does so now. They will, at the same time, be anxious to guard against assigning too little value to the class of feelings which he is incapable of comprehending, and will be always grateful if they can improve their knowledge of them from some other source.

Upon this ground we very cordially recommend the 'Rockite' to our readers' attention. We admit, without hesitation, that it gives altogether an inadequate and unfair statement of the feelings which influence the Catholic peasantry; and if our readers take its statements for Gospel, in this point they will be imbibing falsehood instead of the truth, which they may obtain if they look for it in the proper direction. But this defect is of no great moment. The feelings of that portion of the Irish nation are expressed in the works of Mr. Banim, with a power and comprehension which leave us and them nothing to wish for. It remains that we should find a friend who will give us the feelings of the other dominant party, who shall show in what way the ideas of law and pure religion connect themselves with their oppressions, as those of liberty and persecuted religion do with the Catholic excesses. This task the authoress of the 'Rockite' has undertaken to fulfil, and she has fulfilled it well. Her book is pleasantly written, abounds in lively and vigorous descriptions, and

often embodies the feelings of her personages in very lively and characteristic language. With her politics we have nothing to do, farther than as they are useful to us in making us understand that to which, but for them, we might have been strangers; and as very high religious feeling pervades the whole story, it demonstrates, we think, the absurdity of a notion which the 'Edinburgh Review' has promulgated, that an Orange novel could not be written—an assertion which we thought ridiculous at the time it was uttered; for there can be no doubt that Orange opinions are fortified by strong feelings of some kind, and what strong feelings of any kind may not find, and ought to find, an exposition?

The following scene, we think, will confirm our favourable opinion of a book, the merits of which we are the more anxious to point out, because its smallness and cheapness might otherwise prevent it from finding favour in the eyes of Burlington-street novel readers.

Katy hobbled along the road as fast as avarice, her ruling passion, could urge the weary limbs of age. In the prospect of securing the reward, she had ventured on a perilous game. The associates with whom Maurice had last seen her were not sworn members of Rock's fraternity, but mercenary plunderers, whose object was immediate gain, and who would have deemed the traveller's clothes and watch a justification for putting him to death. Cautious, however, to give no offence to the formidable body of Rockites, they had contrived, partly by means of Katy herself, to acquire as much knowledge of their established signs of recognition as sufficed to guard against such implication; and the old woman connived at their barbarities while permitted to share the plunder. From these men she had rescued Maurice, in order to sell his blood at a higher price than they dreamed of valuing it at. She foolishly imagined that the money would be paid to her as soon as the prisoner was in custody, and with this she purposed immediately to decamp; but finding that a mere trifle would be the only recompense until better assurance was received of prosecuting him to conviction, she resolved to keep out of sight, and to find some personal enemy of Maurice who would dare the consequence of appearing against him on the united allurements of profit and revenge, or else to suborn one of the straggling freebooters in aid of her design.

Guided by their worthless conductress, the colonel and his party wound up the wild and romantic pathway, until the gurgling of St. Kevin's spring warned them that the next turn would bring them close upon its margin, and here Katy pointed out the little niche in the rock, where she purposed awaiting their return; while a stout fellow, formidably armed, was stationed at its entrance. The rest proceeded, and cautiously turning the angle of the rock, formed themselves in the wildly beautiful area to which the well and the round tower imparted a character of interest, as monuments of antiquity; records of man's footsteps, where, but for them, nature had seemed, on a cursory glance, to have reigned untrivalled since these rocks were fashioned. There was a charm of loneliness, a melancholy sweetness not unmixed with grandeur, over which even the denuding hand of winter had little power. The fir-tree and the holly abounded, wearing their verdant mantle as in the bloom of spring. A leafless oak stretched its gigantic arms over the well; its rugged bark brightened with the young foliage of an ivy plant that had already wove its way nearly to the summit of the trunk; and on its principal branch flourished in pale green the consecrated misletoe.

At a short distance rose a most majestic yew, whose dark and venerable head towered in rivalry above the forest king; and clusters of red berries, pressing amid leaves of variegated holly, lent a glow more vivid than that of summer flowers. The deep azure of a frosty sky and the clear sunbeam darting its radiance on the antique tower left nothing for the eye of taste to wish for. The colonel's nephew forgot his occupation on the first view of so unexpected a scene, and in the undertone of genuine feeling ejaculated

"Beautiful! most beautiful!"

"Aye, William," replied his uncle, with a sigh, "our poor country is a paradise desecrated by spirits of darkness."

\* They approached the tower, and loudly summoned its inhabitants to surrender, but, save from a most powerful echo, no response was heard. It was found necessary to explore the apartment, and after a strict and cautious search, unsuccessful of course, one of the party was despatched for Katy, who reluctantly obeyed the command, and more than participated in the disappointment.

"You have deceived us, woman," said the colonel, sternly.

"And what would I get by that but a weary walk and the fear of death? See here, isn't the sods half burnt and the cake crumbled about, and bad luck to the spalpeen, but he's left some token," and she picked up a bright object. On inspection it proved to be a regimental button, which, partly for "good luck" and yet more for "auld lang syne," Maurice had most tenaciously preserved about his person; but, on the preceding night, it had rolled from his pocket unperceived, and now invited the scrutiny of the young police officer. "This," said he, "so far confirms the old woman's story of a discharged soldier, that its owner certainly belonged to the — dragoons, who were disbanded in this country at the last reduction."

"Keep it then," said the colonel, "it may serve as a clue yet."

The distress of old Katy was extreme, and evidently real. She not only saw the anticipated reward snatched from her grasp, but stood committed with the vindictive confederacy in a manner the most alarming. Naturally shrewd and sagacious, she now endeavoured to dissuade the colonel from giving publicity to the transaction, calling to witness every saint in the calendar she would leave no means untried still to place within his power the object of their fruitless expedition. She told him that all hope of capturing the culprit was totally vain, if it were once publicly known that he was marked and traced; while a prudent silence on the subject would leave them still a fair chance of lighting on him. She recommended a strict search through St. Kevin's boundary, and lamented her hard fortune in losing the reward of her loyal fidelity, in terms strongly characteristic of her ruling passion. A consultation was held by the gentlemen, and Katy's counsel finally adopted; an injunction to secrecy being laid on all concerned, while the colonel and his troop remounted, bearing away the sole and unsatisfactory prize of Maurice's regimental button.

Katy's next step was a pilgrimage to the distant rendezvous, the concealed head-quarters of Captain Rock. Since the affair of Slievemorán, the former haunt of the gang had been deserted by all but the accustomed retailer of potheen; and a place widely dissimilar from it was selected as affording better promise of security.

Through a bog of considerable extent, flat, dreary, and neglected, a narrow but deep river wound its eccentric course. Scarcely a shrub arose within the circuit of some miles to vary the cheerless monotony, and so swampy was the ground that few footsteps cared to try its supporting power. Yet almost in the centre of this desert and close upon the river's bank, rose the remains of a stupendous fortress, seated on an artificial elevation, and to all appearance unapproachable, unless by the water, to any but forms of fairy lightness. The river, too, was rendered so unsafe by the immense masses of ruin that had fallen into it, during the lapse of ages, that a boat had not within the memory of man been seen to venture there, and tradition told of spikes and other perilous defences thickly planted between its lazy waters, which generally accumulated against the stony obstructions until they overtopped them and flowed to a great extent beyond their banks in the rainy season; the draughts of summer still reducing them to a compass proportionably narrow.

Yet across this stream there was a ford of moderate depth and perfect security: along the bog there was a firm track, and to the lawless despots, the midnight legislators of Ireland, these approaches were familiar. The Rock of another district had here established his seat of sanguinary power; and hither did Katy bend her course, with more serious misgivings than had ever before embittered her progress to the Rock council-table.

On the second evening of her journey, she arrived within half a mile, and proceeded, wrapped up in her blue mantle, whose large hood, shrouding her head and

face, supplied the place of bonnet. The bag was uncut, its nature affording little encouragement to speculate on the progress of such operation, and over the obstinate ridges of coarse matted grass and stunted shrubs, the old woman passed with a difficulty which increased as she approached the building. A mine had been sprung on a small scale to effect the demolition of its stubborn fortress, when Cromwell laid siege to it; and many a massy fragment lay deeply buried in the bog which had grown up all around it. Obstructions thickened in the traveller's path, and on gaining the foot of the eminence, Katy was glad to rest awhile before she ventured farther.

Night had not as yet closed in, but the black clouds were gathering in the west, with every indication of a storm; and the depth of gloom was more than sufficient to envelop in obscurity the diminutive figure lately moving along the swamp, and which had now become stationary beneath the shadows of gigantic ruins. The remains of an archway stood, or rather impended over the unequal ground, while its corresponding section lay half buried in moors and underwood, at a distance of fifty feet below. Beyond this shattered gateway was a bridge crossing the ancient moat of the castle; and, farther on, the site of a tower, of which scarcely six feet of an unequal wall marked the boundaries; but a deep excavation within, thickly choked up with stones and rubbish, showed where the dungeon was situated. From this spot extended an entire angle of the building, rising to the original height, and displaying its rows of windows in unbroken regularity, but entirely roofless. A turret of considerable dimensions flanked it to the left, and retained in fine preservation its steep and winding staircase, illuminated by successive loop-holes, and terminating in a projection, from whence a noble view of the surrounding country might be enjoyed. This look-out had commanded at one glance an entire sweep from the draw-bridge on the left, to the river that meandered on the right of the castle, separated from it only by a strip of ground so swampy as to repel every footstep, even in its drouthy state; and at other seasons overflowed to the very base of the fortress.

But however interesting to the antiquary, this relic of feudal prowess possessed no charms for Katy. She heartily wished it would fall and furnish a tomb to the party whom she expected to find assembled within its recesses. Beyond the allurements of present gain, she had no tie to bind her to their faction. A devotee in religion among those to whom such sanctity might recommend her, she wanted the excuse of even genuine superstition to palliate her outrages on those whom her church anathematized: a sworn leaguer against the government, which she charged with oppression, she would for a bribe have sold her country to a yoke as galling as that which Egypt laid on the necks of the Hebrews. She served the confederacy while it protected and paid her. Incurring, as she had done, the peril of its vengeance, she would have rejoiced in its utter annihilation. And such generally is the character of the instruments with which the work of iniquity is effected. Katy had never yet entered the present abode of the conspirators, but her directions were too full and circumstantial to hazard any error in seeking admission; she waited until the last gleam of twilight was fading, and then making her way across the bridge, she gained the aperture already described at the mouth of the dungeon. A minute or two elapsed before her signals were acknowledged; and then an opening being formed by invisible means, among the heaps of crumbled fragments at her feet, a man's face appeared in the faint glimmer of a smothered light; and some questions were put in the usual figurative style, to which she made the established rejoinders. The aperture widened, and assisted by the hand of her companion, she descended, and soon found herself proceeding through a long, low, narrow, vaulted passage, thickly scattered with loose stones, and charged with an atmosphere scarcely endurable to one just translated from the fresh breeze of the bog. The path was far from being either level or straight; and Katy's resolution began to fail, when the scene suddenly changed. The vault became higher, the air circulated more freely, and she found herself in a misshapen apartment, the centre of which was occupied by a long table of uncouth construction, round which were seated the members of the gang, gathered into parties of three or four, at considerable distance from each other.

In one place, illuminated by a thin rush, sat two fellows engaged with an imperfect pack of dirty cards, while two more eagerly watched the game, intent on the success of their bets. A little farther on, appeared some whose enjoyment was derived from the broken can of whiskey, while their haggard countenances displayed a character of heightened ferocity as they recounted their deeds of blood. Some were busily employed fitting flints into their muskets, and repairing the belts and other accoutrements of their lawless warfare; while a solitary dark looking man turned over a large heap of soiled newspapers, selecting and marking such paragraphs as he deemed calculated to excite the bitter feelings of rebel hostility against the governments in church and state. At the end of the table a lamp burned brightly, and beneath its glare lay a heap of notices already penned, and bits of paper prepared for a similar use, on one side of which a diligent scribe was tracing, from the dictation of his companion, a threat of extermination to plunge some defenceless family in despair.

In all this there was nothing new or surprising to Katy, unless in the form and size of the assortment; but at the extreme end of it, stretched on a rude bier, lay what was evidently a corpse, covered with a sheet; and on a sort of table close by it stood the usual insignia of death—a crucifix, with two candles stuck in hollow stands of different sizes, a cup of holy water, and three wooden platters heaped with snuff, tobacco, and coarse biscuits.

A wake was what Katy little dreamed of enjoying in such a spot, and she bridled up with delighted anticipation on beholding the promise of good cheer. The orgies had not yet commenced, and she surmised that the party would experience an addition previous to entering upon them. She had leisure to complete her survey of the abode and its inmates, before any notice was taken of her entrance, beyond the side glance of careless recognition. Secure of her services, under the strong tie of mercenary interest, the gang never wasted upon her any courteous attentions. Seating herself at one end of the rude bench, she commenced sighing and groaning in an under key, and proceeded to expatiate on her devotion to the general cause.

"Silence, you mercenary wretch!" exclaimed the newspaper student, "take your pay, and cease from canting." He flung her a few pieces of money and resumed his employment.

"What is it, honey?" asked Katy after a pause, glancing towards the bier, while she addressed the young man who had been writing the notices.

"Troth and it is a sad tale, Katy," he replied in a low and dejected tone; "he's fallen early, like the green ear beat down in a summer storm. There's blood under that white sheet, and blood must flow to wipe it away."

"And you'll tell me every word on't, Andy dear! Ah, but you're a jewel of a lad; and the civil tongue that never wagged to hurt man or child, nor to mock at old age."

The young man sighed, and a faint colour rose to his cheek as he glanced on the papers spread before him; but ere he could answer, another roughly interposed, "Bad luck to your blarney, you old bugaboo! Have we nothing to care for but tickling your ears with long stories? Pat Hennessey's dead, and he's left many a better man to revenge him. An old crow has a sharp scent after carrion, and you are come for a howl at his wake. More fools they that got broken heads in fighting for the carcass;" and he concluded in a surly muttering tone.

Katy's temper was violent, and now disappointed curiosity, combined with offended pride, completely threw her off her guard; and she angrily responded—

"And a bloodier hate than you bore him never gave the death stroke to Pat Hennessey. A nate boy was he! Carcass! Och, if you took better care of some carcasses, let alone your own; that's well enough looked to, you'd not be letting the best lad among ye be lost and perverted to fatten your spite!"

"What's all this?" cried the newspaper man, in a voice of authoritative inquiry.

"You'll get no more from me," muttered Katy, who felt, with alarm, that she had gone too far.

Many questions were put, to which she gave no reply,

or such as were provokingly evasive; and the altercation was running higher, when a signal from the mouth of the vault occasioned the whole party to arise and range themselves in a line, with looks expressive of reverence, real or assumed, according to the bent of their several characters.

Escorted by two or three fellows, wrapped up in blue surtouts coats, and followed by half a dozen others variously equipped, a tall and portly personage now made his appearance, slowly proceeding along the apartment, motioning, as he passed, the sign of the cross, and pronouncing a benediction. Advancing immediately to the corpse, he placed himself at the foot of the bier, while the rest formed a circle about it as wide as the confined space would admit of. More candles were lighted, holy water was sprinkled, and Latin prayers, accompanied with as many ceremonies as could, under such circumstances, be performed, were gone through. The priest then demanded the particulars of the event.

The detail was furnished by him who had been so busy with the newspapers, and nothing was left untold that could excite the indignation or stimulate the vengeance of his hearers. For what purpose the deceased and his companions were abroad in the dead of night, was not explained; but according to the narrator, they had been wantonly attacked by armed foes, and after a gallant resistance, had succeeded in escaping with their bleeding comrade, who died before they could gain a place of concealment. In conclusion, he removed the sheet, and exhibited the still gory wounds that yawned on the face and breast of the ghastly object beneath.

#### TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.

*Travels in North America, in the Years 1827 and 1828. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy. 3 vols. 8vo. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, 1829.*

We scarcely know whether to be more pleased or annoyed at the appearance of these volumes, for though we are gratified in gaining an able and useful work, we are disappointed in finding how much less there is of good in North America than a very natural disgust at the Quarterly Reviewers had taught us to hope. It is best, however, that the truth should be known; and we are persuaded that Captain Hall's performance will tend to spread it in England.

The book is far from being as carefully and neatly written as his work on Loo Choo, or that on South America; but it contains a great deal of strong, lively description, and some admirable homely images. There is much clever argumentation, and we have scarcely discovered any attempt at fine writing. But the protestations of impartiality are too many and too long; he apologises too often to his American friends for telling the truth; and, in reading many of the passages, we remembered the profound observation in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' that the picture would have been better painted if more pains had been taken with it.

There are two classes of people who delight to praise the United States. Those who think that in a wonderfully short time since their first colonization they have become a highly-peopled and orderly country, and that, taking all circumstances into account, they deserve to be admired; and, on the other hand, those English radicals and American patriots who maintain that Washington is the seat of the best government that ever existed; that the polity of the United States is a model for that of all other nations; and that their people are, if not the most civilised, the most moral, the most high-minded in the world, they are, at all events, in a fair way to be so. It is only with this latter class that Captain Hall, or his reviewer, has any quarrel.

We are as much inclined as any American to point out the prosperity of the United States as the most remarkable instance that the modern world has seen of successful colonization. Twelve millions of men living together under the government of law, up to a certain point instructed, and capable of defending themselves against aggression, would at any time have been a considerable portion of the human race. Such the people of the United States are:

but they lay claim to a far more important place among mankind than these characteristics would assign to them. They say that among them a great social experiment is tried for the improvement of the world; that men never were so free or so enlightened as on the banks of the Chesapeake and the Mississippi; and that the institutions by which they are there governed call out virtues and faculties superior to all that the history of the earth records. These would, in fact, be tame and feeble sentences among the self-eulogies of the North Americans. They are, in their own eyes, the wisest, the most heroic, and the best of men; and they constantly anticipate a period when, all other countries having fallen into decay, America shall be the head and front of human society, in place of doating and decrepid Europe.

The ground which the Americans assign for this exultation, is their democratic government. They tell us to look at the map of the people in any other country, and to compare them for intelligence and worth with those of the United States. Among them there is no distinction of ranks, no privileged classes, no hereditary power, nor monopolising sect; the people govern themselves, and are degraded by no superior authority to their own.

Let us consider for a moment how stands the fact before we look at the American reason. The only persons whom this enlightened nation would describe as their great men, were formed while the States were under the English rule. They have produced no eminent thinker, and not a book of any value to the world, except two or three pamphlets by Doctor Channing, and the writings of Washington Irving. Rome, to be sure, did not give birth for many ages to a single book; but Rome had statesmen and heroes, whose like can hardly be found in the history of modern Europe, much less in the meagre and trivial annals of the North American democracy. There is, indeed, comparatively little wretchedness among them, for England sent out her colonists to a land which a thousand years would scarcely suffice to fill. Men multiply there, but they also dwindle; and the mass which is collectively imposing seems to contain no individual to whom we can point with satisfaction, and say 'this is a MAN.'

Now for the cause. The Americans attribute what they call their greatness, to their unmingled democracy. To it also we attribute whatever is peculiar among them, whatever cannot be clearly derived from the influence, the laws, the religion, and the national character of England. It has been the direct design of legislators, and sometimes the secret tendency of various political forces, to sustain the ideal of humanity by raising up from among the crowd, selected classes of men, to surround them with dignity and privileges, and require of them, for the benefit of those over whom they are exalted, peculiar accomplishments and functions. Thus lifted up, they have often attempted to separate their position from all notion of duties attached to it, and have grown aristocratic or priestly oppressors. While on the other hand, when the people, by means of the culture which only these corporations could give it, have begun to think that they had an independent power, and could stand alone; they have rebelled against the supremacy of the privileged classes, have given over all political rights to be exercised by a numerical majority; and as the foolish, the ignorant, and the vicious, are ever the most numerous, human nature has in their commonwealths been always degraded to the lowest level of the crowd. So fell Athens, even though slavery made its free populace, in some respects, an aristocracy. So fell too Rome. So, for a time, France was sunk even below the point to which its despicable nobility, and detestable church had lowered it. To this the preachers of the ballot-box would bring down England. And to this are the United States daily labouring to reduce themselves, while the accident of their position in an unoccupied continent prevents the immediate disorganization which physical wretchedness would otherwise produce; and delays at the same time the commencement of a reaction, which at some future period, when the mob

are tired of obeying even themselves, will necessarily give them masters.

Every page of Captain Hall's work displays, in one respect or other, the debasing influence of this unredeemed ochlocracy. Literature, religion, manners, education, government, all are falling together, down to the comprehension of the many. For where the million govern, it is an aristocratic insolence to think what they cannot understand, to know what they have never learned, to propose plans by which they cannot at the moment profit, to uphold, in any way, the rights and powers of the individual mind. To this kind of feeling the Americans have an evident propensity. It must not be expected, however, that it will develop itself fully amid the counteracting influences for which they have not to thank themselves or their constitution, but laws, a language, a literature, a religion, and some political customs, derived entirely from Europe, and still maintained in the world, not by the patronage of the legislators at Washington, but by the reverence of England for her ancestral inheritance, and by the action of European thought and example on the Trans-Atlantic mind.

The effect of unrestrained democracy is traced by Captain Hall through many particulars of life and opinion, in which we cannot pretend to follow him. The parts of his book which do not relate to this subject are many of them extremely graphic and agreeable; and from his account of his own sensations at Niagara, we suspect that he has narrowly escaped being a philosopher. We congratulate him on enjoying the much more profitable and distinguished station of Post-Captain and Tourist.

We add a curious statement as to the book market in America.

'In America, there is no system of mutual concert and assistance amongst the publishers of books, as there certainly might be, though not very easily, and greatly to the advantage of the public and of themselves. The praiseworthy and spirited exertions of some leading persons in this line of business, to accomplish the point in question, have been always unavailing, and, consequently, there is not at this moment the slightest concert, nor any combined system of subscribing and circulating books, according to the practice in England. It is true many of the circumstances are very different, as I shall presently show; but still plans might easily be devised, which would greatly advance the cause of literature, could 'the Trade,' as they are called, be brought to act cordially together.

'No foreigner, unless he be a resident in the United States, can take out a copyright in America, either openly or by indirect contrivance. An American publisher, therefore, who succeeds in obtaining a copy of a book written in Europe, may reprint and put it into circulation, without sharing the profits with the author, or having any connexion with him at all.

'Mere extent of sale, it may be observed, is the grand object aimed at by the American republishers; and as nothing secures this but low prices, competition takes the direction of cheapness alone. This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the miserable paper, printing, and binding, by which almost all reprinted books in that country are disfigured. It is very true, they serve their purpose; they are read and cast aside, or, if kept for any time, they inevitably go to pieces. Except in the large cities, in the houses of the wealthiest persons, or in public institutions, there is no such a thing to be seen as a library. Undoubtedly, a vehement passion pervades America for reading books of a certain light description; but there does not exist the smallest taste, that I could ever see or hear of, for collecting books, or even for having a few select works stored up for occasional reference. In truth, the rambling disposition of the great mass of the people, their fluctuating occupations and habits of life, even in their most settled state, and various other causes, some domestic, and some political, puts it out of their power to form libraries;—at all events, be the causes what they may, very few individual persons ever seem to think of such a thing—a transient perusal being all that is looked for.

'Messrs. Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, the repub-

lishers of the Waverley Novels, who happen to be persons of the highest activity, not merely as tradesmen, but as men of letters and science, always get over, at some considerable cost, the proof sheets from England, and having printed a large quantity, throw them into the market before any other English copies can have reached the country. These spirited publishers are sure of a certain amount of profit, in consequence of the avidity with which the works in question are welcomed by the public; the number printed being generally, I believe, above ten thousand. In consequence of the momentary monopoly which these gentlemen enjoy, from obtaining the proof sheets to print from, and thus securing the priority of publication, they are enabled to put a small additional price to each copy above what the book will eventually bear when brought fully into the market from other quarters. But they must take great care not to fix the price one cent higher than the anxiety of the public will counterbalance.

'A Waverley novel, which in England is printed in three volumes at 31s. 6d., is republished in two volumes at 8s. 6d. In the course of a few days afterwards, however, it is often republished on coarser paper and in a smaller size, for several shillings less, and, before many weeks have elapsed, copies are sold for a dollar, or 4s. 3d., and sometimes even cheaper. The price of the American edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, reprinted in three volumes octavo, was 44 dollars, or about 20s. In England, it was 94s. 6d. Within a short period after its first appearance, it was again republished and put into circulation for two dollars and a half, or about 10s. 6d., being little more than a ninth part of the original English cost. The materials and the execution of these works, compared with those of the original, bear a pretty fair proportion to the above differences in price. But if the original republishers at Philadelphia, guided by their own excellent taste in these matters, were to attempt to get up the works in question in a more respectable style, and consequently at a higher price, the edition might lie on their shelves till doomsday!

'The sale of a book does not go on from month to month, or from year to year, as with us—the whole being over in a few weeks, or, at the most, months; consequently, the printer who is most expert, and most ingenious in cheap devices, makes the most profit while the public curiosity is alive. The precaution used by Messrs. Carey and Lea, of getting out the sheets of any new and popular work before its appearance in England, does not always afford them even a temporary security against competition. Upon one occasion, indeed, they very nearly sustained a heavy loss. They had received, by various opportunities, all the sheets of a Waverley novel but one, and as fast as they received them, printed off about ten thousand copies of the work. The packet, in which this unfortunate last sheet was dispatched, sailed from Liverpool on the 1st of the month, up to which time the book had not been published. But it happened, perversely enough, that a ship which sailed from Liverpool some weeks afterwards, arrived at New York on the same day. In the interim between the sailing of the first and the last of these two vessels, the book made its appearance in England, and a complete copy, sent off by the last opportunity, reached America at the very same moment with the anxiously looked-for missing sheet, sent by the first ship.

'The publisher, a man of great energy and promptitude of purpose, who was waiting at New York for the arrival of the packet, boarded her before the anchor was gone, got hold of his prize, and galloped back to Philadelphia. The unlucky sheet was straightway set up in a dozen different printing-offices, which were kept in motion night and day, by relays of workmen, till the book was not only completed for immediate sale on the spot, in Philadelphia, but, by means of carriages posted on the road, a couple of thousand copies were actually ready for distribution at New York within six-and-thirty hours after the arrival of the ship! Thus the missing pages had first to travel ninety miles before they reached a printing-press, then to be worked off, stitched, packed, and returned to New York, all in a day and a half, so as to supply the market before any of the publishers of that city had time to enter the field.

'It is amusing to think that cases may, and I believe have occurred, in which the early sheets of one of these

works have been printed and ready for publication on the other side of the Atlantic, when the conclusion of the story was yet unwritten on the banks of the Tweed!

'At first sight, it seems hard that English publishers should reap no benefit whatever from this extensive part of the circulation of their works. But, on the other hand, as long as there is little or no home literary manufacture, it is so obviously to the advantage of America to keep clear of the entanglement of copyrights, and every other species of monopoly in books, that no statesman of that country could venture to propose a change, or indeed could reasonably expect to carry any measure, having for its object the advantage of foreigners, to the manifest injury of his countrymen. Were the balance of letters equipoised between the two countries, it might then, naturally enough, be the subject of discussion and mutual adjustment; but the case is quite different.'—Pp. 356—363.

As a means, however, of improving the taste and information of America, our author strongly recommends the removal of the duty of 30 cents, or about 15 pence per lb. charged on imported books.

### TIMBUCTOO.

*Timbuctoo: a Poem, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, by A. Tennyson, of Trinity College, Cambridge.*

WE have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away. The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner, for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect it, namely, in a prize-poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one of them which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote. Such, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the little work before us; and the examiners seem to have felt about it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to its author, though the measure in which he writes was never before (we believe) thus selected for honour. We extract a few lines to justify our admiration:

'A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!  
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent  
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me  
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face  
With his unutterable, shining orbs.  
So that with hasty motion I did veil  
My vision with both hands, and saw before me  
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes  
Of those, that gaze upon the noonday sun.  
Girt with a Zone of flashing gold beneath  
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow  
With triple arch of everchanging bows,  
And circled with the glory of living light  
And alternation of all hues, he stood.

"O child of man, why muse you here alone  
Upon the mountain, on the dreams of old  
Which filled the earth with passing loveliness,  
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,  
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?  
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality,  
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:  
Open thine eyes and see."

'I look'd, but not  
Upon his face, for it was wonderful  
With it's exceeding brightness, and the light  
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out  
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.  
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit  
With supernatural excitation bound  
Within me, and my mental eye grew large  
With such a vast circumference of thought,  
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand  
Upon the outward verge and bound alone  
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense  
As with a momentary flash of light

Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw  
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,  
The indistinctest atom in deep air,  
The moon's white cities, and the opal width  
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights  
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,  
And the unsounded, undescended depth  
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy  
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,  
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,  
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth  
And harmony of planet-girdled suns  
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,  
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,  
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,  
And notes of busy life in distant worlds  
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.'

How many men have lived for a century who could equal this?

*The Legend of Einsidlin, a Tale of Switzerland; with Poetical Sketches of Swiss Scenery, &c. By the Rev. William Liddiard. Saunders and Otley, 1829. 8vo. pp. 283.*

THE writer of these poems is evidently a person of great sensibility to the beauty of external nature and of moral association. We think that we can discern in his poems traces of his having read attentively the writings of nearly all our modern English poets, and we are happy to see, from a reference to Drayton, that he is a lover of our elder literatures. There are throughout the volume many marks of ingenuity and taste, mingled, we must add, with a good deal of carelessness. The chief defect is the want of that poetic ear, without which no one can hope to give pleasure throughout a long poem. Forced constructions, obscure periods, and inharmonious lines destroy almost all the effect of Mr. Liddiard's fancy and feeling.

*Sharpe's London Magazine. The Three Chapters for July, 1829. Sharpe, Piccadilly. 8vo.*

WE ought sooner to have noticed this new periodical, if for no other reason, yet for the celebrity of some of the names connected with it, and the beauty of an engraving which it contains, from one of Wilkie's foreign pictures. The collection of papers is, on the whole, pleasant; and two or three of the articles are really excellent. We had hoped from hearing that Mr. Allan Cunningham is the Editor, that we should have had something more nearly resembling the First Series of the 'London Magazine,' to which he was a distinguished contributor. But we are sorry to see that the present number exhibits a good deal of the slang, slip-slop, and violence which are so much more amusing than respectable in Blackwood, and which, if accompanied with less degree of talent than is shown in the clever billingsgate of that work, becomes extremely disagreeable. We want a magazine with rather more gravity and variety than the New Monthly, and rather less ferocity and vulgarity than Blackwood; and we very sincerely wish that Mr. Allan Cunningham would supply the deficiency. Nothing can be more beautiful in any respect than the plate which accompanies the present number. The greater portion of the papers are worthy to accompany it; and we trust that when the second number shall appear we may be delighted with all its contents.

*Italian Tales, by Luigi Angeloni Frusinate, with Analytical Translations, and a Key to writing Italian on the Principles of the Hamiltonian System. By P. O. Skene. Longman, London, 1829.*

THE Italian language is scarce in prose writers, whose works are fit to be put into the hands of youth, so that masters are reduced to one of three alternatives; either to keep prose altogether out of the hands of their pupils; to run the risk of corrupting their morals by allowing the perusal of obscene and immoral productions; or of spoiling their style and taste by silly and ill-written books, such as the anecdotes of Rolandi.

The first of these resources is that most generally resorted to; the most prudent teachers omit the study of Italian prose, and launch at once into the reading of the poets. From this premature acquaintance with Italian poetry, it arises that the language of foreigners attempting to express themselves in that tongue, either by speaking or writing, becomes a strange mixture of poetical phrases with their own native idioms.

The inconvenience we complain of has been remedied by the Tales of Signor Luigi Angeloni, who has expressly written them with a view to supply the acknowledged defect in Italian literature. As a political writer his style has been admired even by the bitterest enemies of his doctrines; and in his Tales, his Italian is no less respectable.

The little work is rendered more useful by the literal English translation of Mr. Skene, and his Hamiltonian Key for reading and writing Italian. This gentleman is the only man who, with philosophical consistency, has brought the Hamiltonian system to any thing like practical perfection; and as his translation of 'The Conspiracy of Venice,' of St. Réal, and of 'The Story of Little Jack,' are now the principal works for the study of the French language, we entertain little doubt that the Italian Tales of Signor Angeloni will become, through his means, the chief elementary work in the study of Italian.

*Lessing's Fables in German, with a literal English Translation. Taylor. London, 1829.*

IT was a happy thought to render popular in this country the Fables of Lessing. This author, although he lived at the end of the last century, having flourished from 1729 to 1781, is the first German prose writer. His style is manly and concise; and the amateurs of German will find in this book a collection of original and spirited fables, adapted to both sexes and to all ages. The literal translation is excellent, especially that of the two first books, in which the translator has given the original text, word for word, in English, without changing the construction. It is desirable that in a future edition the third book should be treated in the same manner as the two former. Even as it is, however, this work deserves to be recommended to all teachers and schools, as well for the sake of the text as of the translation, which will serve to render the German language more easy and agreeable.

*Retirement: a Poem, by Thomas Stewart, Esq. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1829. Ridgway.*

THIS is a collection of very flowing and careful lines, with scarcely enough of that strength which either in imagery, passion, or thought, is necessary for the popularity of a poem of the present day.

### The Foreign Review, No. VII.

WE have not read the whole of the present number of an excellent work; but we have examined several of the articles, which appear to us very satisfactory. That on 'Novalis,' (which is evidently, we think, by the distinguished translator of 'Wilhelm Meister') is no less powerful than all the other writings we have seen bearing the marks of the same hand.

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## SHADES OF THE DEAD.

NO. II.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THERE is a kind of philosophy adapted to drawing-rooms by which the characters of all conquerors would be at once given over to unmingled and indiscriminate abhorrence. The shedding of human blood is thereby described as something so detestable, that only the last necessity can justify it. We are told that men should visit with curses the memories of those who have given rise to contention and slaughter; and that the meaneast peasant is more deserving of respect than victorious kings or triumphant generals. The heroic ideal is brought into contempt by the most ignorant, and the weak and the narrow-minded exult in their philanthropic wisdom, while they expose the real evils of what are called the military virtues.

Nor will any one question that it is a bold and weighty matter to be the immediate cause of pain and death to thousands. For though it might be hard to prove that the sufferings of the soldier are greater than those of other men, or that they are not overbalanced by the enjoyments of activity and hope, yet he who begins a war does doubtless become in truth the direct originator of many miseries. But, alas! what great good was ever achieved for mankind without accompanying sorrow? The greatest benefactor of the world, the teacher of truth, can hardly accomplish his task without uprooting some old sympathies and disturbing the minds which he enlightens. In the education of an individual, his will can be strengthened only by subjecting him to rude and fearful trials. Neither can any great national revolution be brought about which shall not give pain to many. We must judge the leader of every important change with reference to the thought which guided him; we must see whether the shock, the excitement, the exaltation of his name, the pride of transitory victory, were the objects for which he was willing to subdue the immediate impulses of charity; or whether he regarded the innovations, and contests, and bloody triumphs as evils necessarily attendant on a far higher and more lasting end; misfortunes, as much as possible to be diminished by a wise man, but for the avoiding which no effeminate timidity should induce him to sacrifice a great object.

This will not justify such a conqueror as Napoleon, who had no other than a personal purpose, and who was willing, for the attainment of it, to crush whatever was most valuable in Europe. But it will serve as a defence for the general spirit of Roman enterprise, for the conduct of the Spaniards in America, and of the English in Hindostan. And in truth if we are to lop away from the existing culture of Europe whatever has been gained by the results of conquest, we should leave but a meagre and decaying stem. For how large a portion of the character of Christendom may be traced to the Roman and the Teutonic domination! And scarcely has there been a polity capable to save any nation from sinking into a horde of savages, that has not been founded on a conquest. Conquest has been the great instrument of almost every revolution that has improved the world, and we in England have especially little pretence for denying its beneficial results. The Celtic barbarism was unable to advance human nature beyond the point at which Cæsar found it in Britain; and the Romans brought to the country laws, arts, and Christianity. The institutions had decayed, the national character was weak, and we were strengthened by Saxon blood and youth; but the nation remained apart and hardly at all connected with the other portion of the Christian commonwealth; and the Normans, while they introduced their superior refinement and their riper chivalry, became a bond between England and the rest of Europe. All these co-operated to one end, and that was our actual England.

The oriental war waged by Alexander the Great would have come close, in the eyes of every Greek

(had it stood on no other ground), to one of direct self-defence. It was the prolongation of a contest which had endured for many generations, and in the course of which Greece itself had been twice ravaged by hordes of Asiatics, and its fairest city made a spoil. The Grecian patriot, nourished from his boyhood on the Homeric songs, and accustomed to hear of the names of Miltiades and Themistocles as the greatest glories of his country, and of the oppression of the Ionian cities as the chiefest wrong done to a free people by barbarians, could scarcely conceive of any relation between Greece and Persia but that of deadly hostility. A peace was then no more than a truce, a temporary interruption of that warfare which was the natural condition of all countries not bound together by a common language and worship.

The wealth indeed of the Asiatic satrapies, and the factious divisions of every city which made the losing party seek for assistance even from the enemies of his race, brought about some change in this state of things. The neighbouring peril of Macedonian predominance led the greatest of unsuccessful statesmen to receive from the ministers of Darius the money which might enable him to resist Philip. But the laws of political society and the circumstances of the world were stronger even than the will and intellect of Demosthenes, who opposed himself and the fame of Athens against a power to which Phocion, taking calmer council, resolutely submitted. A man of genius, king of Macedon, was necessarily leader of Greece; but let it not be forgotten that, by the same necessity, Greece, having a leader, was conqueror of Asia.

The knowledge, cultivation, and energy accumulated by free institutions, by traditionary religion, by philosophy and the arts, within the circling seas and mountains of the Hellenic land, must have overflowed on the surrounding countries. Without the aid of Philip or Alexander, bands of mercenary soldiers, intriguing politicians, and ambitious chieftains, would have torn the empire of Darius, and made the language and the thoughts of southern Europe familiar in the palaces of the eastern satraps. The methodised and accomplished mind would have found its way to the barbarian thrones, with a current as sure and perpetual as that which pours the waters of the Danube into the sea. But the supremacy of a monarchy was necessary to give singleness and concentration to the efforts of the many jealous cities. Greece needed to be split into numerous republics, that it might put forth the first bright fruits of human cultivation; but the hand of a kingly leader was required to gather and to spread the seeds on the banks of the Orontes and the Nile. This was the office of the King of Macedon.

Demosthenes failed in his opposition to it and him, for the time had come when mankind could gain no more by the continued independence of Thebes or Athens. Democracy had done its utmost for Grecian culture, and thereafter could only be mischievous in popularising and enfeebling the civilisation which it had in many respects advanced. The internal ministry of Greek activity was nearly at an end; and to make it available for the world, a leader must have been found with a more stable and unquestioned title than the vote of a populace or the influence of one among many co-ordinate commonwealths could possibly furnish. He must have been of Grecian race and language, for he was to guide men of that race, and to spread abroad the rich nourishment of that language. It behoved him to be captain of all Greece, for he was to go forth as its representative, and he needed at the same time a support other than the Peloponnese or Attica could supply; for amid envious factions, and revolutions, that would have been physically inadequate. Above all, it was necessary that in soul and talent he should display whatever either of thoughtful or heroic power the philosophy of the wisest schools could call forth and cherish in human nature; for to mankind and to posterity he was to present himself as the impersonation and champion of the highest culture of that country, which nothing but its moral superiority could entitle to civil predominance. All this was necessary, and it all existed in Alexander.

Supposing Greece to have been freed from those inward distractions which nothing but Macedonian guidance could have, in fact, allayed, it would have been able, by a succession of various impulses, to rend, to seize, or to mould large portions of the Persian empire. Alexander had been educated between Philip and Aristotle, and looked to do more than this. A hundred teachers, innumerable statesmen and warriors, a noble traditional religion, the most wonderful artists that ever existed, many pregnant varieties of polity, had made the country of his fathers what it was, and therein had given him the means he was to employ. The broad and barbarous East was spread before him, full of tyrannies old and new, decayed institutions, oppressed races, undeveloped powers, and in these and in the hopes of the vulgar Greek a common man might have found a mighty object without bestowing on them any deep reflection. But beyond fame and domination, the ends which almost the very circumstances pointed out, and which were, at all events, proclaimed by the hopes of the populace, and by the names of Pausanias and Xenophon; beyond these, Alexander found in himself an end higher and more permanent, for he was born with unequalled capacity, and his mind was the complete outward result of that method in thought which has given their godlike stations to Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

He was the man of Greece, and was to impress on the continent of Asia not only the skill and valour of his country in the field, but also its reverence for religion, and its power as a creator in the arts, and in moral and political wisdom. He knew that his mission was nobler than either like a chief of free companions, to plunder and lay waste; or, like an oriental conqueror, to trample on all previous rights, institutions, and convictions, and substitute for them the grim and solitary idol of his own supremacy. He went forth to conquer indeed, for by the sword alone could the despotism of the sword be broken; but he went also to raise up, to guard, to renew, to cultivate: and first clearing away, with his iron engines, the hard successive strata of former tyrannies, to lay bare to the sky, to water and fertilize the soil beneath; to permit the secret seed to grow, and to mingle with it many new and some exotic germs. That this is neither dream nor fable, that Alexander was neither a madman nor a ruffian, nor an adventuring knight, would have seemed obvious from all his history. But, unhappily, he left no commentaries behind him; he had no Thucydides nor Livy to chronicle his greatness; and his memory has remained only to excite the wonder of the crowd, the detestation of pseudo-philosophers, and the admiration and reverence of a few retired students.

The first year of Alexander's reign was no more than a loud and complex overture to his after life. His only object appears to have been to subdue and awe the invaders of his kingdom, and the rebels against his federal authority, so that he might begin his great eternal enterprise with the utmost possible rapidity and effectiveness. He performed a series of exploits which (if truly narrated to us) were sufficient to have placed a Roman consul on a level with Camillus and Scipio; but they were merely the transitory and stormy dawn of that day which brought the great luminary of Greece from its rising on the Thermaic Gulf till it set on that of Persia.

The first recorded deed of the Grecian enterprise is singularly consistent with the purpose of the whole expedition, and with the education and character of Alexander. He visited and honoured the spot with which tradition had associated the names of Homer's heroes and his local descriptions. He had been taught through all his boyhood to delight in lays which, besides their poetic value and their relation to the tendency of his mind as a king and captain, had the merit of recording a portion of the great struggle between Europe and Asia, and of displaying in the brightest light his noble ancestor, the swift-footed and god-descended Achilles. All history announced that these poems were the lovely flowers of that Asiatic Greece which now lay helpless and enslaved under the sceptre of the great king, and which

Alexander was about to liberate; and they were thus in every way the work naturally, as it seemed, pointed out to be the manuals of his education. The strength of their influence over him was shown by his first proceeding on the soil of the eastern continent. By performing religious rites on the plain of the Troad, he publicly put away from Macedonia the character, which it bore in the Homeric times, of a barbarous country, apart from Greece, and sending forth its chieftains to combat, in alliance with the Asiatics. He who sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles, and made the Homeric works his daily study, constituted himself the representative of the Hellenic mind and the champion of its cause; and when we know that he went to battle with a shield preserved from the days of Agamemnon borne before him, it is not easy to avoid the fancy that those ancient kings and warriors, whose memories he had celebrated, and who live for ever so brightly in the songs of the heroic age, moved round him and before him from the plain, the mounds, the rivers, and the sea of Troy to the hills of Bactria and the banks of the Indus.

But in how different a spirit from that of the traditional ages did he make war against his enemies. It was his aim to found a larger polity, embracing an immeasurably greater variety of circumstances and habits, and acting by a more complicated mechanism than Grecian statesmen had before conceived. And how uniformly, therefore, and earnestly did he, conqueror and innovator as he was, and creator of a fresh epoch in the history of the world, how constantly did he seek to find, if possible, old foundations for his new establishments; how abhorrent was all his system, a far more benevolent and enlightened one than any before imagined, from the attempt to root out and desolate the old convictions of mankind. He sought to strengthen men's belief and hope in their social condition; to put life into the heart of the world; and to substantiate, in a political body, the subtle and potent spirit of the highest philosophic culture. He did not enslave, massacre, or plunder. But wherever he subdued men, he was ready to respect their human nature. Wherever he found any vestiges of ancient law and order, he zealously restored them; wherever any religious faith, he also did worship to the gods revered by his subjects; wherever skill, valour, industry, he encouraged and rewarded them; wherever open enmity, he met it, overcame it, and then forgot it. To pursue the footsteps of this wise and accomplished genius, would require a comment on every action of the busiest of lives for ten pregnant and unexampled years. But there is a unity of purpose in a great man's conduct which may be comprehended and admired without illustrating it by all that his life would furnish for its display. And in the history of Alexander, above all, is it evident that he had made for himself a generous and permanent scheme of policy, scarcely, as it seems, to have been learned from Aristotle, and certainly opposed to the views of the democratic writers of Greece.

He acted differently from almost all the conquerors of whom he could have read, and differently from those former heroes of legendary song who, probably, were the ideal of his personal feelings; for in him was blooming the latest ripeness of Grecian thought, and he who sacrificed to Achilles, Hercules, and Bacchus, and exceeded in war their traditional exploits, was also to show forth the practical results of whatever laborious knowledge and profound meditation of human affairs his country could glory in. And, therefore, instead of finding in him a wild and reckless adventurer, careful only to outstrip the hurricane, and, like it, to lay waste his path, we see in Alexander the severe judge, the benignant fosterer, the man who delighted to pause in his career of humbling subjugation, and recreate the world with more than kingly generosity, with the rites of a beautiful worship, and the shows and splendours of poetry,—the creator of cities in the solitude, and of commerce in the barren haunts of robbers.

There are other conquerors to whom genius equal with his has been popularly attributed, but between whom and him an essential difference is observable.

The talent which has been shown by some vulgar, modern captains is all displayed in the means and mechanism they have employed; their object was utterly poor, low, narrow, and personal, that of the meanest and weakest-minded of men. The ingenuity and boldness of Alexander in pursuing his end were not inferior to those of any recent idol; but his vast, his unapproachable superiority, was in the greatness of that end itself. Others with vigorous faculties, and large means at their disposal, have endeavoured to lessen and compress whatever they came in contact with, that it might be the more suitable to the intrinsic pettiness of their purpose. They have sought, for instance, to cut off from society the action of many of its chief springs, such as religion, or historic remembrances, or the possibility of personal independence; to enfeeble and beat down the world till it should lie like a crushed and blotted mantle beneath the feet of him who has slain its wearer. Alexander habitually cherished and invigorated whatever feeling and thought he discovered in any nation; his mind even went beyond what moral energy the world contained, and he aimed at increasing it on all sides by the wise arts of the statesman, and of founding on it the power that should govern an immeasurable empire.

But it may be replied, in all this Alexander failed. And, indeed, the reality was far below the thought; for if the world would conform itself to a great idea, we should see the mound of primeval Eden opening out until it should become the only limit of the globe: but, in the measure and fashion in which earthly affairs will yield and assimilate themselves to the conception of genius, the design of the Macedonian conqueror was realised. Shall we say that nothing was done in the stir and loosening of all the roots of thought designedly produced by these wars and this policy? Did civilisation not gain any thing when the world, for the first time, saw a General improving all that he subdued, rather than enriching himself by his appropriations? Can that language, of which the very vocabulary has more of wisdom and poetry than the literature of other tongues, have been communicated to vast regions, and have taught them nothing? Or what shall we say of the many cities the fair posterity of Alexander, surviving when the blood of his offspring had passed away, and preserving so many centres and radiating points of knowledge; of the soul of Greece inhabiting and informing a new frame on the borders of the Nile when it had ceased to find a resting-place on the banks of Ilissus? Or can the result have been contemptible of that mixture and inter-communion of the old polytheisms, which, by taking somewhat of its peculiar character from each, and weakening the exclusiveness of the hold of all over the minds of nations, was probably a great and necessary preparative for the reception of Christianity?

We know not how far the story of the Macedonian meeting with the High-priest of the Jews may have been altered by the vanity of the people through whom it was transmitted, or adorned and rendered wonderful by the talents of Josephus. There is something so impressive in the image of the young conqueror covered with the dust from the shattered walls of Tyre, bending to the name of God, and proclaiming that his minister had before appeared to him in a vision, that every one, but for our modern dread of the marvellous, would be inclined to believe in it. There appears no reason for denying that a spirit like Alexander's, intent, far-seeing, and imbued with the highest revelations of a religious philosophy, may so have brooded among his native hills, over the field that lay open to his enterprise, and the truths which he had learned to revere, as to perceive that, much as he might do for the world, the circle of its moral capacities would yet remain unfilled; that the unity of God could hardly be made by him to supplant the anthropomorphic polytheisms of the nations; and a shaping imagination would then have naturally impersonated, in the form of a celestial instructor, the truth which no one, but by the fore-knowledge of faith, could then expect to become popular. This may have taken place in the mind of a pupil of Aristotle; and the supposition

will explain the reverence and awe of the young commander for a priest presenting himself as the teacher of that great principle which was unknown beyond Judea to any but the wisest masters of science, and their most favoured pupils.

The legend, even if legend it be, is at all events remarkable as bringing together the representatives of the two greatest moral forces then existing in the world, of Grecian thought and Jewish religion. The two afterwards allied themselves in the Egyptian city of Alexander, and conjointly gave a powerful impulse to the mind. Their perfect conciliation and union remained to be effected by Christianity.

Whether this last great consummation was in any way connected with the influence produced by the Grecian conquests on the Heathen modes of belief, is a difficult and perilous question. Most persons will probably think that there is much of mischief in all similar speculations, and will, it is to be hoped, at the same time maintain that Alexander is not to be judged by what we can discover of the distant consequences flowing from his deeds.

It would be melancholy indeed if any theory as to the evil results of a great man's actions, when those themselves were evidently generous, arduous, and the fruits of noble conceptions, should be allowed to rob Fame of her children and human nature of its loftiest examples. Shall the praise of courage, gentleness, endurance, magnanimity, and zeal in high purposes, perish, because a man who died before he had reached the middle term of life, could not complete the largest design that ever animated a statesman or general? Or shall we consider but as a mad adventurer the soldier whom Aristotle advised to treat the conquered as slaves, and who preferred the far more difficult and less glittering attempt to make them subjects of a temperate rule, and citizens of a legal polity; the young and chivalrous leader, who, when the wisest minds of Greece could perceive no radical distinction between nations but the broad difference of Greek and barbarian, studied, comprehended, and turned to the advantage of all, whatever was valuable and characteristic in each of twenty races. We may measure the importance of his life by the permanence of Grecian influence in Asia, till all was swallowed up in Rome; and the loss sustained in his death by the confusion and agonies of empires which succeeded his domination. He perished, having lived scarce more than thirty years, still meditating, on his death-bed, mighty designs for the future; and leaving behind him as his trophy, the noblest empire that had ever existed. The funeral games that celebrated his decease, were contests for kingdoms; and the mantle of the Macedonian soldier was divided into the imperial robes of many monarchs.

SWEET bird that thro' the budding boughs art flinging  
Notes of such wild and tremulous delight,  
That round my very soul their web is clinging,  
Inwoven with the dancing waters light,  
And with the feathery wood's melodious sighing,  
Now bursting forth, full as a pillar bright  
Of flame upsprung, now fading tenderly,  
As 'twere an angel winging its slow flight,  
The soul of music in sweet sadness dying,  
Would I could float like thee,  
Within the sphere where thou apart dost sit,  
By thy own flood of melodies concealed!  
For never yet, I think, to mortal wit  
Hath such surpassing vision been revealed,  
Or lesson given of such deep mystery  
As thou proclaimest in sounds, to them who listeners be!  
Time was, when on my solitary walk  
The stars shone kindly, when before my feet,  
Turn wheresoe'er I might,  
The meadows lay asleep in sunny light,  
And skies and streams, and every vision bright  
With love and joy, my heart of hearts did greet.  
Then daisies trembling on their curved stalk,  
The violet-studded bank, the pebbly rill,  
The crocus and the sheathed daffodil

Spoke to me in the music of delight,  
And with strong incantations, strong but still,  
Within my soul awoke its deep indwelling might!  
Why past these glorious powers, this strength, away?  
Oh, gentle bird, alas, what had I done,  
That for so many days the beautiful face  
Of nature, with its many-figured grace,  
Lay like a blank before me! Twilight dun  
Enwrap me like a pall! Oh, happier lot,  
In midnight to be lost, by no dim ray  
Of light, called back to think of the clear day,  
Which we, with perverse spirit, have regarded not!  
Oh, joy! to feel again,  
The old affections wake at thy sweet strain!  
I feel, I feel thy joy,  
Thou happy creature, thou whom no annoy  
E'er visited! Oh, pleasant power,  
To win the ancient dower  
Of natural happiness; to hear the stream  
Thus musically babble to the beam  
Of noon-tide, and the whispering leaves repeat  
The old undying melody, and greet  
An answering spirit in my soul, which springs  
Out of myself to joy with all created things!

#### TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ATHENÆUM'.

SIR,—The beastly, lying 'Press' has such a natural, in born love of low, filthy falsehood, that when it has no particular purpose to serve by lying, still it will lie merely for lying's sake. The knavish gang has been working for the last twenty years to injure me; and I suppose when it and the 'Thing' had contrived to drive me out of the country, and plunder me of all I had, they thought they had got rid of William Cobbett. But here I am again in spite of all the 'Thing' and the 'Press' could do; and here I'll stay in spite of them, and Sidmouth, and their 'Power of Imprisonment' bills, to work the downfall of the 'Thing,' and the lying knaves who live by it, which, I hope, please God, to see before I die, unless the 'Collective,' in their wisdom, pass a bill for dissecting me alive, and denying me Christian burial. Now, I observe, that when these base, hireling wretches stop a moment from their chief and constant employment of *slandering* ME, they must find some other victim for their scurrility. And I observe, that their natural hatred of any thing like talent and honesty always leads them to fasten on any body who particularly deserves praise.

There is a very charming singer at the Italian Opera, called Madame Malibran. I won't attempt to describe her person, her singing, or her acting, because I'm sure no language that I am master of would give my readers any conception of the admiration I feel for her. She isn't yet one-and-twenty—and so beautiful! I'm sure, if heavenly beauty ever was displayed on this earth, Malibran's is such. Her voice has a wonderful compass, the lower part of it being particularly fine. But her acting is above all comparison the finest I have seen. I grant that Pasta is very admirable. But Malibran is equally good in comedy and tragedy: she has certain excellencies which Pasta has not; whatever defects we may presume to discover in her, I have no doubt age will correct.

Her father was Garcia, the famous tenor. She appeared in England five or six years ago, and was much admired. But her father about that time found out that there was no good in his living here, merely to pay taxes to rascally placemen—so he went over to the United States of America, where, thank God, there are no taxes raised more than are necessary for the government of the country, in order to pamper the insolence of lazy, good-for-nothing sinecurists. And here this beautiful creature married Malibran, whom I recollect well, one of the richest, I may almost say, the richest, banker in New York. But

all rag riches must have an end: so a few months after her marriage, Malibran's bank stopped payment. I won't stop here to consider the misery occasioned by this to hundreds of thousands of honest people; but only think what must have been the feelings of this sweet woman, suddenly reduced from elegance and affluence to utter want! Reader, won't you join with me in cursing the beastly Rag System, and the ugly, lying *feelosofers* who uphold it? It was lucky that she was no fine 'Madam,' brought up to think it disgraceful to get her own and her husband's livelihood by honest industry. Instead of moping and repining, and only adding to her misery, she strived to remedy it, and came over here to sing.

I am very fond of the opera, and always go when I can, particularly since last year, as they have not required me to dress so much like a Tom Fool, as before. I don't want a 'stall,' because I am neither a horse nor an ass, and there are always too many of the latter kind alone for all the stalls they have: so I go to the pit, and generally take my seat in one of the front rows, where I hear and see well. I go there to hear and see, not to stand staring and gaping at all the base, smudgy-faced, aristocratic fools, who parade themselves in the boxes to show how much taxes they eat.

Well, you may be sure I did not miss going to see Madame Malibran soon after she came, because I wished to see any body who had lived in a free country, and because I had a fellow-feeling for any one who was a victim of the vile paper-money delusion. I went—I saw her—I heard her. Never, no never, have I felt so pure ecstatic a thrill of pleasure but once, and that was when I heard that Castlereagh had cut his throat at North Cray, in Kent. I have been every night since, that *she has performed*,—(I like some of the others, but not so much as her), and my admiration for her has only grown the greater. Any body might have seen me any of these nights in one of the two first rows. I always wear a black neckcloth and a blue coat.

I never read the base lying papers; but one day I thought I would look into them to see if they could speak truth on any subject which had nothing apparently to do with me. Will these scoundrels, thought I, abuse this woman because I admire her? Or will they think it necessary to vilify her in order to uphold the VILE PAPER-MONEY SYSTEM? Or will they run her down simply because she is every thing that's good and charming? I'm sure I can't make out what was the excellent reason, but sure enough I found the whole, base, mongrel pack of carrion-fed curs had opened their nauseous mouths in one beastly discordant yelp against her. Old lying Anna Brodie, of 'The Times,' of course, was in front of them all; for, to do Anna justice, whenever there is any thing base to be done, she is always the first. You never saw such a heap of lies as the beasts had collected—such filthy venom, such gross, impudent imposture. But it's one consolation, that no one believes any thing they say. One night 'Otello' was advertised, and the next day base old Walter, or some other of Anna's 'jontlemen,' stuck in one of the calumnies which he calls criticism, giving a 'full, true, and particular account' of the performance of 'Otello'; whereas I, and every body else who had been there, knew that the said 'Otello' had not been performed that night, some other opera having been substituted for it. Now, you'd suppose that such a gross blunder as this was enough to stop even Anna's impudent jaw for a time. No such thing. On goes her 'jontleman' reporting, and *cratacinizing*, and slandering charming Madame Malibran, till the other day out comes another bouncer. After abusing Malibran's Romeo, Anna praises Sontag's performance of Giulietta. Are you stone-blind, Mother Anna? Are you deaf? Or is it all a parcel of lies from beginning to end, and you weren't there at all? I can hardly believe that even you, Anna, are so beastly sottishly stupid as not to know Sontag from Castelli. But it's no matter what Anna says, because no one believes what she says. The other 'daily papers' are just as bad, except, to be sure, old *feelosofers* Black, who has let some decent person praise the

angelic creature in 'The Chronicle.' Bravo, Scotchman! When you're hanged I'll remember this good deed, and make interest with Jack Ketch to tie the knot under your left ear, and put you out of pain quickly.

But the weekly papers are even worse. Two, in particular, have been more base than all the others: I mean a thing called 'The Spectator,' and another nauseous thing called 'The Literary Gazette.' As for 'The Spectator,' I shall not refute any of its low, filthy stuff; because, to do so, I must insert some of his odious remarks, which I don't mean to pollute these pages with, because I wish them to be read by modest women.

But I mean to say a word more to the hireling who vomits forth 'The Literary Gazette,' because he has insinuated a malignant calumny, which ought to be contradicted without delay. I do not know who is the filthy Scotch hireling who writes 'The Literary Gazette,' but I see the name of one Scripp at the end of it; and I shall treat him as the writer of these vile calumnies which he is vile enough to publish. This Scripp, I have no doubt, is also a Scotchman, a vile, dirty-faced, dirty-handed, dirty-minded Scotchman. The libel of which I complained—But no, I'll tell you the truth first, that you may see the full enormity of the calumny.

Last Saturday fortnight, Madame Malibran acted Romeo. When she fell down dead in the last scene, the sweet young woman was so intent on her acting, thinking of nothing else, that she quite forgot to take care of herself, and gave her arm a desperate blow against the floor; some say she cut it against a piece of glass which had been left there by accident. She was very ill in consequence: I heard she fainted the next day at the Catholic Chapel, in Warwick-street. Of course she could not act all the next week; and, as Laporte behaved in a very shameful manner, she took the precaution of getting a doctor's certificate, and publishing it in the papers. Well, we were obliged to do without her all that week; and the sun didn't shine; and horrid rainy weather it was, and did much harm to the crops. Last Tuesday, however, she felt herself rather better, and acted Rosina. Sweet creature! she looked very pale, and had her arm in a sling, and whenever any body came near it she winced, as if the very motion of the air hurt her. I never saw her lovely face so lovely; she never exerted her sweet voice more; and, in spite of all her pain and fright, never did she act with more archness and spirit. She was so ill in consequence of these exertions, that she could not appear in a new and difficult part, which she had undertaken to perform for Curioni's benefit, on Thursday. It appears she offered Curioni to play any one of three other parts; but, I suppose, he did not wish to run any chance of her injuring herself, and accordingly the benefit proceeded without her. Of course this injured the benefit, and I'm sorry for this, for Curioni's sake.

Now, the base papers insinuated base stories against Madame Malibran, and said she was shamming; and this base Scripp actually printed these words in his vile journal of lies which appeared the next Sunday:—'Malibran is never a very sure card, (witness her undoing Curioni's benefit on Thursday, after all his trouble in preparing a treat of a new and attractive order.)'

Now, Scripp! base Scotchman! stop scratching your head for two minutes, and listen to me. Do you see this white, shining, cubic substance which I hold in my hand? This is a substance which you have never seen before, but perhaps you have heard of it:—it is called SOAP. It possesses wonderful properties. Pour hot water on it, and rub it over your face and hands. When you have done this for six weeks, and furthermore rubbed these parts of your body with a hard scrubbing-brush, they will probably lose some of their present blackness, and become—not white, but, possibly, grey. I see you stare, and wish to try the experiment. Well, only listen to me, and I'll make you a present of two cakes of soap as large as this.

\* We give this article, as we found it among the papers in our letter-box: satisfied with its internal evidence of authenticity, we confess that we have taken no further pains to ascertain if it be really from the pen of the renowned person whose name is subscribed to it.—ED.

Do you think, Scripp, because you have long ears that you are a judge of music? Do you think your knowledge of the bagpipe gives you a right to 'cree eeeze?' Do you really think, Scotchman, that havin' the Scotch fiddle makes a man a musician? No, ignorant, vile Scotchman; hold your tongue about these affairs, and keep to your 'leeterature' and 'feclosyfy'; or, if you must be gabbling about in your vile Scotch accent, don't be flinging dirt on such a noble creature as Malibran.

What do you mean by saying, in your low, filthy, gambling-house language, that she isn't a *sure card*? Does it mean that her health is uncertain? and that, when she's too ill to sing, she can't sing? If not, what does it mean? Do you mean that she could sing and wouldn't, and that she purposely spoilt Curioni's benefit? Could she help undoing it, as you call it? Can you prove that she didn't hurt her arm? Can you prove that the doctor's certificate of her illness was false?

Let us suppose, Scripp, for a moment, that you have some of the common feelings of a man. Did you ever hear of doing to others as you would be done by? How should you like, if you were ill, to have such insinuations directed against you? Madame Malibran injured her arm in a zealous discharge of her duty. Suppose you were to do so in the discharge of *your* business, which, to do you justice, you do with quite zeal enough. Suppose, some Saturday night, you were to strain your arm in writing some lie too big even for you to manage. Suppose, in consequence, that the next morning your bundle of falsehood and folly could not appear, so that all the Grub-street hacks and milliners were disappointed of their Sunday dinner of nonsense and slander. Suppose that, in consequence, one of these hacks or milliners was to make a great outcry, and say you weren't a *sure card*? Would you think that fair?

And now, Sawney Scripp, I'll speak to you in language you can understand. I bid you, in your very next number, contradict those low falsehoods; I bid you say you lied, and that you're sorry for it. Its only eating your own words; a beastlier mess, to be sure, even than the 'parritch' which you make from the oats which you steal from the hackney-coaches. I bid you carefully to abstain from writing about Malibran ever again. You've no business to pollute her name by uttering it in your harsh Scotch accent.

Now, Scotchman, you must have a reason, I suppose, for doing what I tell you to do. I'll give you two good Scotch reasons. First, if you do as I bid you, I'll give you a whole sheep's head; and if you do it handsomely, I don't care if I give you the tripe and trotters into the bargain. Second, if you dare to disobey me, on Monday next I'll go to your rascally dog-hole, pull you out from under your wife's petticoats, stop your nasty mouth with a pitch-plaster, and give your vile carcass to the 'Collective' to dissect.

I can't say any more, Mr. Editor, because I expect a man who is coming to buy some of my young beech trees, (which, by the by, are very thriving,) and I must go into the City afterwards. I send you this, because I see you have not joined in the vile conspiracy against me and Madame Malibran. You let a red-haired Scotchman write against me in your paper last year; but even he was more civil than the vile 'daily-press,' and spoke a few words of truth.

My 'Register' is quite taken up in putting down the 'THING' and the 'RAG SYSTEM,' so that I may send you some more notices on matters connected with the fine arts.\* Your's,

WILLIAM COBBETT.

I have sent Madame Malibran a bushel of my best Indian corn as a token of my esteem for her.

\* We shall be most happy to find, at all times, space in our columns for the 'straight forward' views of so honest a correspondent: the more readily so, from our firm conviction that no *personal* consideration can have influenced his able vindication of a lady in whose cause he has shown himself so zealous a champion.—Ed.

## UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.

Leipzig, 1st July, 1829.

Dear Sir,—Though the subsequent details are by no means so complete as I could have desired, yet they will serve to convey a tolerably correct idea of the character and present state of our flourishing establishment. When more leisure is at my command, I will endeavour to supply the omissions with which it is chargeable.

In the year 1409, two thousand discontented professors and students, members of the 'German Nation,'\* abandoned the University of Prague and came hither: hence originated the foundation of the University of Leipzig, by Frederick the quarrelsome, then elector of Saxony. This prince and the greater part of his successors, particularly the elector Augustus, (who reigned from 1555 to 1586), and King Frederick Augustus (from the year 1768 to 1827), were zealous patrons of learning, and liberal friends to the University, either in the first stages of its establishment, or in after times, when they endowed it with lands derived from the suppression of monasteries at the Reformation, and assisted it with pecuniary means, a portion of which was directed to special purposes out of their own private purses. From these sources, combined with bequests and endowments originating with wealthy members of the University, and occasionally assigned to specific objects, our institution has acquired a pretty considerable extent of funds, consisting of landed estates, houses in the town, woods, capital at interest, corn, and other items. This property is administered by officers appointed by the University, and is carefully applied to the various purposes for which the several endowments were created. The University† possesses a complete jurisdiction of its own, both civil and criminal, extending over all its members, professors, students, and functionaries, as well as all men of letters, physicians, surgeons, and lawyers, who may settle in Leipzig after they have completed their studies. Of the tribunal, by which this jurisdiction is exercised, the rector is the president or *præses*; its other members are the ex-rector, his predecessor, and three others of the professors; but the rector and members going out of office every six months, and every professor being qualified to sit, there is a perpetual judge of the University in the person of a Doctor of Laws, to whom an actuary and two registrars are subordinate.

There are four faculties, viz.

1. *Theology*, in which there are four professorships of ancient institution for Moral Theology,

\* There is no portion of the constitution of universities so ancient as that of the classification of their members by separate nations. In the twelfth and subsequent centuries, this denomination implied knots of teachers alone, or of students, or of teachers and students, natives of particular countries, who were congregated into privileged corporations without any reference to the department of learning or science, which they taught or studied: they elected their own regents and officers, enacted their own statutes, and had their own privileges, treasures, schools, archives, places of assembly, festivals, and peculiar usages. The origin of this institution has been traced by some writers to the sophists of the fourth century, whose schools at Athens possessed classes, which somewhat resembled the classification by nations peculiar to the oldest universities of the middle ages.—Meiner's *Gesch.* vol. 1, p. 29—32.

† I apply this designation to our high school in the fullest and, until lately, the true and original meaning of the word: as a corporation instituted by the state, and distinguished by peculiar privileges, especially that of exercising a local and independent jurisdiction over its members and pupils, as being a spot where every branch of learning and science is taught, and as enjoying the right of conferring degrees; not as being a mere lyceum or academy, where there is no universal instruction afforded, and no degree conferred, but where the student walks in and walks out at the beck of his curiosity or caprice, irresponsible to any jurisdiction in his scholastic character, and in this sense, unrecognized by the laws and legitimate institutions of his country.

dogmatics, pastoral science, and homiletics, and history of the church and dogmas; besides one professorship of modern institution for exegesis.

2. *Jurisprudence*, in which there are five professorships of earlier foundation for Roman law, the law of nature, ecclesiastical, feudal, and criminal law; and two professorships of modern foundation for natural and national law.

3. *Medicine*, to which are attached four professorships of ancient institution for pathology and physiology, therapy, anatomy, and surgery; and four professorships of modern date for chemistry, clinical medicine, obstetrics, materia medica, and botany.

4. *Philosophy* possesses ten ancient professorships; viz. Grecian and Roman literature, eloquence and poetry, the theory of philosophy, practical philosophy, history, eastern languages, politics and political economy, mathematics, and natural history; and four professorships of modern foundation; statistics, natural history, husbandry, and technology.

The ancient chairs are supported out of the revenues of the University, and the appointments vary from 90*l.*, 120*l.*, to 150*l.* a-year; but the modern professorships, the incomes of which vary from 45*l.* to 90*l.* per annum, are endowed out of the revenues of the state, or by funds assigned by the Regent.

There is a greater or less number of extraordinary professors attached to each faculty, whereof that of philosophy alone possesses from twelve to twenty; those of this class, who distinguish themselves by their erudition, and the copiousness of their prælections receive an annual remuneration, varying from 15*l.* to 45*l.*, and defrayed out of the public revenue.

The ordinary professors are bound to lecture gratuitously four hours, and the extraordinary professors, two hours per week, upon subjects within the range of the faculty to which they are attached.

In connection with each faculty are five, ten, twelve, or more private lecturers, who must hold the rank of doctors in their respective faculties, and must have publicly maintained a printed thesis of their own composition: this entitles them to deliver lectures, but they do not receive any official remuneration.

Besides public prælections, every professor and lecturer gives as many extra lectures per diem as he thinks fit, and the fees for them are left to his own discretion. The half-yearly cost of each course varies from fifteen to thirty shillings.

Independently of the functionaries, which we have already enumerated, the state provides in part for teachers of the principal foreign languages, fencing, gymnastics, dancing, riding, drawing, painting, engraving, and music.

At the beginning of every half-year, there appears a printed announcement of the several lectures, which will be delivered during the ensuing six months by the respective professors, lecturers, and teachers.

No restrictions are imposed upon the student; it is open to him to attend whatever courses he prefers, and in every other respect, he enjoys entire freedom of action. His expense of lodging varies from seventy-five shillings to fifteen pounds per annum, and he may dine at one of the first hotels for forty-five shillings, or at an inferior one for nine or twelve shillings a month. In the articles of dress, amusement, &c. he is in every sense his own master. Though it cannot be denied that this state of perfect independence, both as concerns his studies and his leisure, has occasioned many a youth's undoing, experience has shewn, that it is the only sure means of rousing great intellectual endowments, and forming men of eminent learning.

Though there are few states in Germany which do not possess their own universities, Leipzig has always maintained a foremost rank among them,

and has been a kind of nursery for nearly all her cotemporaries; indeed, the great majority and the most eminent of teachers in other high schools have received their first education within her walls, whilst, in spite of the increase in the number of those schools, she has mustered never less than twelve, and frequently more than fifteen hundred, students.

Parents of affluence, who are anxious for the welfare of their children, are in the habit of providing them, when at the University, with tutors, who direct their studies, attend them in the lecture room, make them recapitulate what they have heard, watch over their conduct, regulate the occupations of their leisure, and control their expenditure. Such as are incapable of encountering such an expense, procure board and lodging for their sons, either with some married professor or in a respectable family, where the morals of their children may be properly attended to.

There are several learned societies, not only connected with the University, but, to a certain extent, conducted under its superintendence, their members consisting chiefly of the lettered class; amongst these are the Societies of Technology, Agriculture, Antiquities, Philology, Natural History, Homilectics, &c. Besides individuals studying at our University, these associations admit land-proprietors, merchants, artists, and other well-educated persons as ordinary members, and individuals, living in foreign parts, as honorary members. They are eminently useful, by means of the essays read at their sittings, in spreading the knowledge of any novel observations or discoveries made in the respective departments of art or science, to which they are severally devoted, as well as in furthering, generally, the advancement of the useful and liberal arts.

Leipzig is richly supplied with all the resources which the students can desire. It is the metropolis of the book-trade in Germany; and the museums and libraries of the university, the corporations, the professors, and other learned persons, are thrown open for the use of the students.

Three years are deemed the shortest period within which a young man, who enters the university with competent scholastic acquirements, can complete a proper course of study. The student, if at the end of this period he should feel himself duly prepared, puts his name down on the list for examination, previously to which he must produce proofs that he has uninterruptedly attended the leading lectures in the faculty into which he seeks admittance, for a space of three years; besides this, the law student is required to compose certain essays, and to declare, upon oath, that they are wholly of his own composition. Those who successfully pass through this ordeal become entitled to the subsequent advantages. If a Theologian, he can be appointed to the ministry or to masterships in schools. If a Jurisconsult, he may fill the station of an Advocate or a Vice-Actuarius in a legal court. If a Medical student, he may establish himself as a medical practitioner in any part of the country.

The individual who feels no inclination to enter upon active practical duties after completing his studies, but prefers the station of a mere man of letters, and seeks promotion in his faculty, is required to defend a thesis in the public hall, from which time he becomes a private teacher: hence the superabundant members of this class.

At an expense of from 9*l.* to 12*l.*, and after passing an examination before the faculty of philosophy, the degrees of Doctor in Philosophy and Master of Arts may be obtained; a similar examination is requisite in the other three faculties, wherein the Doctor's degree may then be obtained upon the payment of a sum, varying from 30*l.* to 60*l.*, according to circumstances, on which it would be tedious to dwell in this place. The fees derived from examinations and promotions

belong to the ancient professors of each faculty, and the Law professors enjoy handsome incomes from giving opinions in contested cases; as it is incumbent upon the courts, on all occasions where opinions are required, to lay the documents appertaining to the suit in question, before the faculty of jurisprudence.

The general incomes of the professors, dependent as they are upon casual receipts, and their popularity as lecturers, vary exceedingly, though none range beyond 1200*l.* per annum. Many of them add to their means by their talent as writers, or as editors of learned works.

A L. H.

## THE DRAMA.

### King's Theatre.

PERHAPS no opera has been so long and so generally considered as a model in its kind as Cimarosa's 'Matrimonio Segreto.' It has given rules to the theorist from the day of its first representation; and it is appealed to and quoted by those who have learning in these matters, more frequently than even the masterpieces of Mozart. Those who have seen it on the Continent, know well the effect with which it is invariably performed; for when the Rosinian dogstar was raging at the full in the tropical district immediately beneath its influence, there was nothing unseasonable in the different lustre of Cimarosa, whose sweetness endured, and was welcomed with an undying enthusiasm. 'Il Matrimonio Segreto' has not been produced on our stage for many years; we had, therefore, a natural anxiety to know of what kind might be its reception; and for our own gratification, there was no composition we so longed to hear, especially under the good auspices with which it would be now presented to us. This wish we expressed some months ago, but with little idea that it would be gratified. However, there appeared at intervals, at different concerts during the season, some of the choice beauties of the Opera in a detached form; and had we understood the rules of astronomical prophecy, we might have known that these were rays shot from the chief luminary to announce its coming.

One would suppose that the characters of this opera could not be more strongly cast than they are. Zucchelli might appear an admirable Geronimo, the sisters Sontag his daughters to the life, Galli and Donzelli very appropriate in the parts of Il Conte and Paolino, and Madame Malibran, having universal talent, might be only too good for Fidalma. But this promise is not entirely realized. Firstly, Signor Zucchelli is rather tame compared with what he was in Don Magnifico, and compared with what the Buffo Comico is expected to be; then Henriette and Nina should (if there be truth in baptismal registers) have their parts reversed; Signor Donzelli gives a cumbrous character to the music, which is quite foreign to it, and Madame Malibran commits an error in judgment when she thinks it necessary to fill out the personification of an elderly lady by palsyng and disguising her voice. Signor Galli, strange to say, is the only one of whom we have nothing to complain; the reason perhaps is, that he is the one from whom we had so little to expect. Count Robinson is not likely to find a better representative in the *secondo* of any theatre, and Signor Galli is not likely to find any other part in which he can be so effective. As for the fault attributed to Madame Malibran, we are disposed to dwell upon it, because it is rather characteristic of her, and because it is in itself dangerous, and might in its consequences do injury to the whole fabric of operatic performances. Why need the sister of Geronimo be so very much older than himself—why should she not be as many years younger? and then, even if the performer were as tender, as Madame Malibran is, of the scenic truth, there would be no necessity for

the quivering voice and tottering limbs, which, without question, interfere with the due effect of the music. The age of Fidalma is left at the mercy of the performer, and Madame Malibran makes her a sexagenarian to give scope for her own powers of acting such a part. But if she were two hundred years old, we should still object to her being allowed to show any decrepitude of voice, any shrillness or quaintness of intonation, that serves to prop an immaterial illusion, by the sacrifice of almost every thing which makes an opera worth hearing. No analogy is to be drawn from male characters; for though age and absurdity are frequently given to the Buffo, yet never to the *Buffo cantante*. Enough of that. As for Donzelli, the defect is in the quality of his voice, which is undoubtedly too heavy and sustained for the effervescent and sylphlike music of Cimarosa. And, with regard to Mademoiselle Sontag and her sister, willingly will we take them as they are, rather than lose one tittle of the sweetness and perfect beauty of our present Carolina.

The Opera has been represented twice. On both nights the house has been crowded in the extreme, and the success of the performance most marked and rapturous. This was not undeserved, for the novelty of style in the music itself, and great excellence in the performers (notwithstanding our words of exception) could scarcely fail to delight the most fastidious. Some of the more familiar pieces met with an applause which we never heard exceeded; in particular, the comic duct, 'Se fiato in corpo avete,' between Galli and Zucchelli, which, despite its length, had to encounter an irresistible encore. The beautiful terzetto, 'Le faccio un' inchino,' which has been previously rehearsed at various concerts and *par excellence* at that given by Mademoiselle Sontag last week, when Madame Pisanoni and Mademoiselle Blais were the substitutes for Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Nina Sontag. This, and the merry quartetto, 'Tu mi dici che del conte,' were almost equally applauded. The amusing finale to the first act was, if any thing, too quiet; the old gentleman was a good deal tantalized to be sure, but unless there is great spirit and cleverness in the confusion of persons collected around him, the repetition of his deafness and their bawling, becomes monotonous. The females seemed afraid of soiling their gloves, and the gentlemen were engrossed by what they had to sing, so that Geronimo escaped without the full measure of persecution which is generally dealt out to him. We cannot make the same complaint against the finale of the last act, in which the various voices were blended with the utmost possible harmony, and succeeded each other in that lovely *allegro*, 'Che trasporto d'allegria,' with just the proper variety of tone and similarity of expression. The musical world of England should be much indebted to Signor Donzelli for reviving this Opera on the occasion of his benefit, and to M. Laporte for allowing so much of the talent of his company to be concentrated in it. We have found fault with Madame Malibran, and now we would in some measure atone for it by expressing our unfeigned admiration of her conduct in undertaking a part usually assigned *Terza Donna*, and (according to her own conception) sustaining it with such ingenuity and effect, although labouring under the weakness consequent upon her late accident. We beg to observe that this tribute is paid, not from any fear of our being otherwise liable to the condemnation of an illustrious correspondent this week, whose vast abilities have become her champion, but in a free and honest spirit of merited admiration.

### English Opera House.

THE liberal spirit of enterprise which has become a characteristic of the English Opera House, and its management, has been during the last week evinced in the production of an Opera, by Ferdi-

mand Ries, with all the costliness of decoration, fulness of orchestral and vocal strength, and general exactness and care which marked the importations of former years. To every one, the name of Ries is familiar as a bright, though not first-rate, luminary of the German school. His pianoforte compositions give a fair suggestion of his capabilities for grander efforts. He has the learning, the expression, the brilliancy of his sect. He has imbibed what could be imbibed by study, according to the best rules, and genius has thrown its radiance here and there over his more ordinary attributes. Still there is little grandeur, or depth of tenderness, or feeling; little, if any, simplicity; and every where too much colouring for the subject. The performance, then, of 'The Robber's Bride' was clearly an experiment, and an experiment whose success in England could never be very rapturous; but if not rapturous, it has not been equivocal. For the audience on each representation have accompanied the music in its progress, without languor, though perhaps with some slight effort. As to our judgment, we know not for the future, but we cannot be very sanguine that this opera will furnish many favorites to our list, or be attended to with much readiness of satisfaction, unless curiosity or conscience go some way in the matter. That the music is fine, need not be doubted; the concerted pieces amply show the composer's talent; and when we are familiar with the airs, there may then possibly be traced in them the richness of the ore which at present seems so overlaid and encumbered. But we will hear it often before we pronounce very certainly upon its deserts.

The story is of no great consequence, and most of our readers will have perused it by this time in the daily journals. The vocal exertions of the company were very successful. For besides the mere customary names of Phillips, Thorne, &c. we have Mr. Sapio after an absence of three years, and though his tenor compass scarcely extends far enough for the music of his part, yet the main body of it is sweet and expressive as ever. Miss Betts is improved and improving; and yet she wants something which will never be supplied: we must be content with only a measurable quantity of pleasure as derived from her. She can never carry the hearer beyond himself; her powers will never be absorbing. The fact is, that her voice, though musical, true, and flexible, is without pathos, without gentleness, almost without any power of mere expression. And beyond this, we fear that her intellectual and organic faculties are greatly disproportioned, and that she cannot even meditate the sweet mischief of which music should be capable.

Mr. H. Phillips, our favorite of the English school, sings an air in the third act with remarkable vigour and precision: and the Robber's chorus at the opening of the act is singularly spirited. But the chorusses here are always good, or appear so by contrast; for, certainly, no where else are they conducted with such boldness and skill.

On Monday night a musical interlude was produced at this theatre under the title of 'Incog: What's in a name?' The principal characters were sustained by Messrs. Wood, Keeley, Wrench, Russell, Benson, Hill, and by Mrs. Keeley and Miss Cawse. The songs thrown into it were selected from all quarters,—'Gioviette,' 'Che fate l'amore,' 'May thy lot in life be happy,' &c. &c., being among the number. There were plots more than two, tricks, expedients, and puns without end. The audience were the most good-humoured we ever witnessed, and the piece met with the most entire and deserved damnation.

#### M. MENDELSSOHN.

WE omitted to make mention of the excellent concert given by Madlle. Sonntag last week, for the benefit of the sufferers from the inundation in Silesia. Our silence was not voluntary, inasmuch as we received from the performance a pleasure which had

not been equalled in any previous concert of the season, and which we were prepared to express, but the graver matters of the week shut out our notes of admiration. All that can now be permitted, are a few words in praise of a most extraordinary man, whose name we have not hitherto presented to our readers, and whose appearance there was one of the grand features of the concert. We allude to M. Mendelsohn, a piano-forte player of almost transcendent talent, which becomes more admirable when something of the man is known. He is very young, apparently not more than twenty-two years of age, independent in station, his father being an opulent banker at Leipsic; and with a thirst and love of music nearly unparalleled, his modesty blinds him to the success with which he has cultivated it. After reading the 'Midsummer's Night Dream,' he composed that spirited overture of the same title, and in it has represented, not feebly, the emotions and anger which the pencil of the drama left in his mind. He is now gone to the Irish lakes, and it is expected that he will employ them as a subject for some future exercise of his skill in composition. As a performer, his abilities are quite first-rate. In the act of playing he is lost to every thing besides the instrument before him; and, indeed, in the most ordinary affairs of life, this musical enthusiasm is always present, and directs his thoughts and actions into one universal channel. His memory is represented as being the most wonderful of his faculties. After playing through one of Beethoven's most intricate symphonies, he can close the book and repeat it accurately by rote. Mayerbeer, like himself, studies the science as an amateur. Caraffa also is a prince of some petty state, but we believe his nobility of blood has not shielded him from poverty. From M. Mendelsohn the musical world has much to expect hereafter.

#### ENGRAVINGS.

*Prospectus and Specimen of the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society.* Hailes. London, 1829.

The specimen wood-cuts which accompany this Prospectus, are truly beautiful, and, if the work which it is intended to introduce to notice, be executed throughout in the style promised by these preparations, it will be one of the most delightful and elegant productions of the kind ever published. The vignettes also are charming.

*National Portrait Gallery of illustrious and eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century, Engraved on Steel, with Memoirs, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing.* Nos. I. II. III. Fisher, Son, and Co.; Colnaghi and Son, &c.

A VERY little reflection on the effect which the exciting occurrences of the last half century have had in calling forth the energies of individuals, and affording them a field for the exercise of their several qualities will satisfy our readers of the interest necessarily attached to a publication of this kind. This persuasion will be confirmed by the mention of the names of Wellington, St. Vincent, Byron, and Wollaston, as among the nine illustrious personages whose portraits occur in the numbers already published of the 'National Portrait Gallery.' The engravings are in the dotted manner, by esteemed artists. They are all most respectably executed. Those of the Duke of Wellington, by Wolnoth, from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Lord Amherst, by Freeman, from a picture, by the same artist; and the Marchioness of Stafford, by Freeman, from a portrait, by Phillips, are perhaps the prints which display the greatest uniformity of skill. But the head of Dr. Wollaston, by Thomson, from a picture, by Jackson, is the most effective and animated plate in the three numbers. Mr. Robinson has improved on the original portrait of Lord Byron, from the pencil of Westall, by sinking a shade or two of petit-maitre affectation.

The memoirs are slight and short, and confined to

a sketch of the most memorable occurrences in the life of each person. They are, however, all that the occasion requires.

#### NEW MUSIC.

No. 7. *Divertimento, 'The Legends of Switzerland,' as performed by the Author on the Appollonicon, arranged for the Piano Forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Frances Drake, by John Parkis.* Mahew and Co.

This publication presents a melange of favourite Swiss tunes, amalgamated into a pleasing fantasia, of a familiar and teachable nature. The following well known melodies are introduced:—'The Ranz-des-vaches,' 'The Chimes of Zurich,' 'The Swiss Peasant Boy,' 'The Tyrolese Peasant's Song,' and 'The Swiss Hunter's welcome home.'

'Oh tell not of Love.' A favourite Air in the celebrated Opera 'The Interrupted Sacrifice,' composed and arranged with Accompaniments, for the Piano Forte, by Peter Von Winter, the Poetry by J. H. Ewer and Co.

THE favourite Andante in A, 2-4, adapted to new English language of a trifling description. The brilliant and striking style of Rossini's music (and that of his imitators) has so eclipsed the compositions of his predecessors, that they appear tame and spiritless; thus, Winter's music (although sound and good) now appears to lose its interest.

No. 3, 'Di piacer mi balza il cor,' from Rossini's admired Opera 'La Gazza Ladra,' arranged for the Flute, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Bernard Lee. Mahew and Co.

THIS is as pleasing and well arranged as the other two effusions of Mr. Lee's (noticed in the 'Athenæum,' Nos. 79 and 85.) The Piano Forte part is merely an accompaniment, thus the work is to be considered a Flute Solo, and not at all a Concertante Duet, for the two instruments. This gay, striking, and sparkling gem of Rossini's (although transposed from its original key of E, into the more familiar one of C,) loses none of its interest by this adaption, none of its spirit evaporates, as is too generally the case in transposition and translation.

#### TELFORD'S SYSTEM OF ROAD-MAKING.

ACCORDING to Mr. Telford's experience, as appears from his Report to the Commissioners for the improvement of the road from London to Holyhead, the most advantageous mode of constructing a road is to form a strong bottoming of stone pavement, over which the broken material should be laid; but where stone cannot be procured at a moderate expense, Mr. Telford recommends a bottoming of Parker's cement and gravel, with a coat of Hartshill stone laid on it. He caused an experiment to be made of this plan, along a quarter of a mile, at the northern extremity of the road to the Highgate archway; in order to ascertain what would be the comparative effect of using the same stone on the old surface of the road, he had a large quantity of it laid on between the arch and the Holloway road. The result was, that between the months of October and March last, full four inches of the stone on the old road between the arch and the Holloway road was worn away, where eight inches had been laid on, while not one inch was worn down where it was laid on the cement bottoming. Mr. Telford recommends that, at a future period, and by degrees, the middle of the road, all along the whole line to Holyhead, shall be constructed of the solid and perfect bottoming which he has found to answer so well; for the present, however, he thinks the money that can be furnished is better employed in giving the road the greater solidity of which it is capable by the ordi-

nary means. Mr. Telford says that it is proved, by experience, that there are no grounds for a common notion, that when materials are laid on a rough pavement they are soon crushed by the wheels of carriages; when the body of materials is six inches thick, he asserts that no such effect is produced by the wheels. On the contrary, the surface materials, by being on a dry bed and not mixed with the subsoil, become perfectly fastened together in a solid mass, and receive no other injury by carriages passing over them than the mere perpendicular pressure of the wheels, whereas, when the materials lie on earth, the earth that necessarily mixes with them is affected by wet and frost, the mass is always more or less loose, and the passing of carriages produces motion among all the pieces of stones, which causing their rubbing together, wears them on all sides, thence the more rapid decay of them when thus laid on earth, than when laid on a bottoming of rough stone pavement. The road made after Mr. Telford's plan proves economical in the end, on account of the rare necessity for repairs; the expense of scraping and removing the drift is not only diminished, but with Hartshill stone Guernsey granite, or other material equally hard, is nearly avoided altogether.

#### MISCELLANIES.

**THE MENAI BRIDGE.**—From the last report of the commissioners of the Holyhead Road it appears that the total amount of the tolls received from the opening of the Menai Bridge, on the 31st of January, 1826, to the 5th of April, 1829, was 327*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* The per contra account states the application of this sum as follows: expense of collection of tolls, 285*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.*; expense of painting and repairing bridge, 554*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*; purchase of stock in the names of Trustees, applicable to future repairs of the bridge, 1083*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; amount paid into the Exchequer, 846*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*; balance in hand, 508*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*, total 327*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* The total amount of tolls received at the Conway Bridge from the opening, in June 1826, to the 5th of April, 1829, was 1,174*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*, accounted for as follows: expense of collecting tolls, 100*l.* 6*s.*; expense of painting and repairing bridge, 227*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*; purchase of Stock in names of Trustees, 350*l.*; amount paid into the Exchequer, 261*l.* 18*s.*; balance in hand, 234*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*; total, 1174*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* The sums paid into the Exchequer in the year ending the 5th of January, 1829, from additional postage on letters towards the repayment of loans advanced for the building of the Menai and Conway Bridges were, for the Menai Bridge, 6,392*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, for the Conway Bridge, 957*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* Total sum paid up to the same date for Menai Bridge, 43,577*l.* 1*s.*; for Conway ditto, 12,193*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.*

**NEW MUSEUM AT BERLIN.**—In aid of the subscription raising for the sufferers by the late inundations in Silesia, the new Museum erecting at Berlin, although yet unfinished, was opened to the public on the Sundays during the month of May, by order of the Minister of the Interior. The price of admission was one franc, the tickets to be procured during the week. This Museum, it would appear, is a very splendid building; among the rooms most worthy of remark, are noticed the Vestibule, ornamented with eighteen Corinthian columns, its walls to be decorated with painting in fresco; a Rotunda seventy-five feet in height, lighted by a lantern twenty-three feet in diameter; two large halls for sculpture on the ground-floor, having each twelve columns of green porphyry and red-brown granite; and long picture galleries, the walls of which are hung with red flock paper, having a gilt border.

**PAGANINI'S LESSON TO THE BERLIN MUSICIANS.**—Paganini held his 'positively' last concert at Berlin on the 13th of May, when he availed himself of an opportunity to give a gentle lesson to the Royal Band, with which he before had frequent rea-

son to be displeased. On this occasion, the kettle-drums having gone wrong, he stepped up to the desk of the conductor and caused the piece to be gone over again, *du capo*, to the no small surprise of the audience, and the still greater astonishment of the orchestra. A singular instance of his presence of mind while playing, is spoken of as having occurred on the same evening. In the midst of one of the most difficult rondos, the E string broke, but he continued playing and performed the rest of the rondo on three strings. On a former night he had executed a composition of his own on two strings, and his remarkable performance with one string has been already noticed; so that during his sojourn at Berlin, the musical amateurs of that city had the gratification of hearing him play with one string; and with four, with three and with two strings.

**NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF TENIERS.**—The connoisseurs of the Netherlands, Native and English, have lately found a new object of interest in a picture of great value, a full-length portrait, the size of life, of the celebrated Teniers, painted by himself. It was discovered among the rubbish of the collection formerly belonging to the abbey of St. Tournai, in the published lists of which it was always mentioned as the work of Vandeyck. The merit of its discovery, and of tracing its author, is due to the taste and perseverance of its present possessor, Captain Higgins, an Irish gentleman, residing in Flanders. The picture is now in Brussels, and is exciting the attention and admiration of all the amateurs in that capital.

**RUSSIAN LAW OF THE PRESS.**—The law of the press in Russia is much more lenient than it was under the late Emperor. The fifteenth section of the present law of the censorship, while it displays a degree of consideration in the actual government, gives a little insight into the nature of the interference that was practised under the former system. Its purport is as follows: The censors are not authorized to engage in inquiries as to the truth or falsehood of particular opinions, or conclusions of authors, when these do not contravene the general principles of censorship; they are not to concern themselves with opinions on the work itself, as to its being advantageous or disadvantageous, provided it be not pernicious as regards religion, the state, morals, and personal and individual character; they are not to alter or improve the style, or to point out the faults of authors in respect to points of literature, when the clear meaning of a phrase does not come within any prohibition on either of the four heads above mentioned. At the time that this regulation was promulgated, (in April, 1828) the law of copyright was also settled, and reserved to the representatives of an author for twenty-five years after his death, all property in his work.

**PUBLICATION OF ENGLISH WORKS IN GERMANY.**—A collection of English authors, for the gratification of the German admirers of English poetry, has been lately published at Frankfurt on the Maine, under the title of 'The British Poets of the Nineteenth Century, being a supplementary volume to the Poetical Works of Byron, Scott, and Moore.' The publication is in one volume, royal 8vo. and contains, besides an extensive selection from the poems of Southey, Barton, and others, the following fifteen entire works: 'Tales of the Hall' and 'Parish Register' of Crabbe; Wilson's 'Isle of Palms' and 'Miscellaneous Poems'; Coleridge's 'Sybilline Leaves'; Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory'; 'The Pleasures of Hope'; 'Gertrude of Wyoming'; 'Theodorick' of Campbell; the 'Improvisatrice'; 'Troubadour,' and 'Golden Violet,' of Miss Landon; Montgomery's 'World before the Flood'; Hogg's 'Queen's Wake'; Barry Cornwall's 'Marian Colonna'; and other poems; and Canning's Poetical Works. The 'Literary Gazette' of Leipzig, particularly recommends this book on the score of its cheapness. Although well printed, and containing nearly eighty thousand lines in one volume, it is to be purchased for less than half the

price which would have to be paid in London for any single production contained in the volume, not only of Crabbe or Wordsworth, but of Miss Landon.

**COMPARATIVE STATISTICS.**—Monsieur Balbi, in his 'Essay on the Statistics of Russia,' gives the following comparisons of the commerce of that country and France and Great Britain. The shipping of Russia he estimates at 3,594 vessels, or 303,516 tons; that of France, 85,241 vessels, or 3,165,000 tons; that of Great Britain, 129,526 sail, or 11,014,000 tons. The following is his distribution of the population of the principal European Powers after their residence and occupations. Those who reside in towns, he states to be, in every hundred, in Great Britain, more than 50; in France, about 33, in the Prussian States more than 27, in the Austrian empire nearly 23, in Russia, somewhat more than 12. The proportion in every hundred engaged in trade and agriculture respectively, he reckons to be, in Great Britain, in trade and manufactures 45, in agriculture 34; in France, in the former 36, in the latter 45; in the Prussian dominions, in trade, &c. 18, in agriculture 66; in Austria, in trade, &c. 9, in agriculture 69; in Russia, in trade, &c. 6, in agriculture 79.

**POPULATION OF TURKEY.**—De Ciriacy, in his 'Theatre of War in Turkey in Europe' gives, as the result of careful inquiries, the following classification of the inhabitants of the Grand Signor's European dominions:

Turks .....	2,000,000
Greeks and Albanians .....	3,000,000
Servians .....	1,000,000
Bulgarians .....	1,500,000
Moldavians and Wallachians ..	1,500,000
	9,000,000

This return exhibits nearly eight millions of Christians held in abject bondage by one fifth part of the total population!

**PRIMARY EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.**—In the year 1815, the number of children who received primary instruction throughout the districts of the United States which had sent in lists of their scholars, was 140,106, bearing a proportion of 4 to 5, to the children between the ages of 5 and 15, in the same districts. The sum expended by government towards this education was 55,721 dollars. Since that period education has been rapidly increasing, and in the year 1828, the number of children admitted in the same districts, amounted to 498,203; the number of the children between the ages of 5 and 15, in the districts furnishing that amount, being 449,113, which gives a proportion of 25 to 24 in favour of the former. The expense incurred by the state in the same year, amounted to 232,343.

**PUBLIC EDUCATION IN MOLDAVIA.**—A grand ceremony took place at Jassy, on the 4th of March, in commemoration of the re-establishment of the Gymnasium in that city. This institution was founded by Basilus II, towards the middle of the 17th century, and was furnished by him with a library and printing office, but it was soon suppressed by the arbitrary jealousy of the Greek clergy; and it is only by tradition that it is known that the building was converted into a warehouse. The events of 1821, however, seemed to open a prospect of regaining for the inhabitants of Moldavia the advantages of so useful an establishment; and after the conclusion of the treaty of Ackerman, on the application of the conductors of the National School, it was again called into existence by the Prince Sturdza in a formal document. It has been open for the youth of Moldavia since the beginning of 1828, and is already as flourishing as during the life of its founder.

**EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.**—The Emperor has appointed a commission, under the presidency of the minister of public instruction, to examine all the old scholastic regulations, and from such of these as practise and experience shall have approved, to gether with any others which the different kinds of instruction may appear to require, to form a set of

complete regulations for every branch of public education. This commission has already promulgated rules which have been ratified by the Emperor for the direction of gymnasia, and district and parish schools within the University circuits of Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkow, and Kasan. A new Gymnasium has been ordered to be established in St. Petersburg, which, with the gymnasium previously existing, and the conversion of the high school into a gymnasium, makes three of those establishments in the capital. In Moscow, two new gymnasia are to be formed, so that there may be three of them in that city as well as in St. Petersburg. In Kharkow, in addition to the school formerly existing, there are to be two new ones. Kasan is to have a new gymnasium in addition to that previously established by the modification into an establishment of that kind, of the existing chief school. Each of the four Siberian provinces is to have its proper gymnasia: with this view, a new establishment of that kind is to be instituted at Krasnojarsk, for the Jenisseiskisch department.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE author of 'The Revolt of the three es' is about to publish 'Hambleden in the Nineteenth Century; or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society.'

## BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

A Week at Christmas, 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
Key to the Bible, in Questions and Answers, 12mo., 6s.  
Short Notes on the Four Gospels, 12mo., 4s. 6d.  
Emancipation, by Mrs. Sherwood, 2s.  
Williams's Auction Laws, by King, 12mo., 7s.  
Morning and Evening Prayers, 8vo.  
An Analysis of the Second Decade of Livy, by Frederick Russell, 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
Good's Lectures on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, 8vo., 14s.  
Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, 8vo., 18s.  
Rabinhorst's German Dictionary, 13s.  
Richerard's Physiology, 18s.  
The Casket, Second Series, 2 vols. 12mo., 17s.  
Parry's Spelling, 12mo., 2s.  
Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. 20, 12. 11s. 6d.  
Stephen's Systematic Catalogue of British Insects, 8vo., 17. 7s.  
Knight's Scroll Ornaments, to be complete in 12 parts, 4s.  
Magna Charta, demy 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.  
Valpy's Second Latin Dialects, 6s.  
Memoirs of Barbara Ewing, 2nd edit., 3s. 6d.  
Monteath's Forester's Guide, 2d edit., 8vo., plates, 14s.  
Monteath on Draining Bogs of Ireland, 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
McCulloch on Wine, 4th edit., 12mo., 7s.  
Ellis's British Tariff for 1829 and 1830, 12mo., 5s.  
Palin's Persians of Æschylus, Greek and English, 8vo., 7s.  
Bridge's Christian Ministry, 12mo., 6s. 6d.  
Hind's Veterinary Surgery, 2nd edit., 12mo., 12s.  
Sheppard's Discourses on Public Benevolence in the Christian Church, 12mo., 3s.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

July.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 13. 64	64	29. 30	S.	Rain.	Cam. Nim.
Tues. 14. 68	65	29. 37	S.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 15. 74	65	29. 72	Ditto.	Fair, Cl.	Ditto.
Thur. 16. 73	65	29. 72	Ditto.	Rn. P.M.	Ditto.
Frid. 17. 67	63	29. 50	W to S.W.	M. Rain.	Ditto.
Sat. 18. 64	63	29. 33	S.W. to W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 19. 58	61	29. 50	Ditto.	Rn. P.M.	Clrr.-Cum.

Nights and mornings generally rainy. Nights rainy toward the end of the week. Thunder on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Mean temperature of the week, 67.5.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.51.

Highest temperature at noon, 77°.

## Astronomical Observations.

Saturn and Venus in conj. on Monday, at 5 h.

Mercury stationary on Thursday.

The Moon in Perigee on Saturday.

Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 89° 44' in Leo.

Mars's ditto ditto ditto 6° 20' in Leo.

Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto 5° 42' in Sagitt.

Sun's ditto ditto ditto 26° 27' in Cancer.

Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 53 m. Decreased 36 m. No real night.

Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2' 29" plus. Logarithmic n.m. of distance, .0069229.

This day is published, with plates, post 8vo., 15s.,  
**THE JOURNAL of a NATURALIST.**  
Second edition.  
John Murray, Albemarle-street.

This day is published, price 7s. in boards,  
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